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PLEASURES AND FOLLIES

First American Printing of the 18th Century French Classic.

L'ANTI-JUSTINE

By
Restif Bretonne

Introduction By
Dale Gordon, Ph.D.

Classic Adult Literature

PLEASURES & FOLLIES

PART II

by

RESTIF BRETONNE

(Originally published in France during the eighteenth century as L'ANTI-JUSTINE, under the author's nom de plume, Jean-Pierre Linguet.)

A first American printing of this famous French classic

A P.E.C. CLASSIC

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As I explained in my introduction to Part I, PLEASURES AND FOLLIES is a French classic dating from the eighteenth century. First published in Paris in about 1795, the work was entitled L' ANTI-JUSTINE, and was retitled PLEASURES AND FOLLIES when it was first published in England (probably about 1850).

In his preface to Part I, Restif Bretonne states that he wrote the work while in prison and had the books smuggled out by his jailer. Records are not available to prove or disprove this statement, but one would believe that this was just another slam at the Marquis de Sade, whose JUSTINE was written while the infamous de Sade was imprisoned in an insane asylum and smuggled out for publication by one of his jailers. Bretonne makes it quite clear that this book is his answer to de Sade's JUSTINE, which was quite popular in France at the end of the eighteenth century.

In JUSTINE de Sade created a young woman, Therese, who decided on a life of sexual virtue and was made to suffer every sexual and physical torture possible. De Sade was saying that sexual virtue was the lowest of human achievements and should be rewarded with absolute abuse. Restif Bretonne, on the other hand, portrays true virtue as sexual abandonment. Where de Sade creates bizarre sexual scenes which lean heavily on pain and torture, Bretonne centers the majority of his sexual adventures around pleasure. His goal is to refute de Sade's theory that pain is an important part of any sexual act. If anything, Bretonne's work suffers some from repetitive hammering on the pleasures of sex, but he makes his point.

Part II of PLEASURES AND FOLLIES was

probably published at the same time Part I first appeared in 1795. There seems to be a definite separation of the two works in the author's mind, rather than just a publisher's device. Bretonne clearly mentions Part II several times during the text of Part I and, at the conclusion, urges the reader to continue to the second series of stories. The division between the parts is even more obvious when the reader notes the difference in the nature of the stories in the two sections. In Part I, Bretonne relates the story of how he began incestuous relations within his family when he was a young boy and continued these with his daughter in later life; the sexual adventures in Part I are centered around sexual exploits between the author's daughter and a number of different men. In most instances the sex incidents involve only two people. Part II, however, contains several central characters, and the sex incidents involve group sexual contact and orgies.

The author's preoccupation with the fetish of women's feet and shoes is recurrent in both Parts. Part II, however, contains a great deal more on the act of fellatio, which was only touched on in the earlier work. We also see an expansion of female homosexual acts such as cunnilingus, which only briefly made an appearance in Part I. These facts have a definite inter-relationship. Sexologists have recently made public studies which indicate that female homosexual acts are almost always present in any group sexual activity. Inasmuch as these facts were not available in the late eighteenth century, one must assume that the author wrote, like de Sade, from personal experience.

The mechanical chair used for the seduction of females in Part II is interesting in that it predates by less than a decade the French writers' preoccupation with mechanical gadgets which began about 1803. All sorts of mechanical devices began appearing in European authors' works during this period.

The writers' imaginations became fertile and reached a glorious peak when H. G. Wells created the Time Machine, a Rocket Ship, and other fantastic devices which would one day become realities. Jules Verne's story of a submarine was revolutionary in its time, and still good reading today. Bretonne's fascination with the mechanical chair, then, was perhaps a forerunner of the writing trend to come.

The author's light-hearted jab at de Sade as a "Devil of a man," appears in his character who is sexually infatiguable and sports a tail in the shape of a male penis. This is only one of many thinly disguised shots Bretonne takes at de Sade in PLEASURES AND FOLLIES, and the reader will enjoy looking for these jigsaw puzzle pieces that comprise this classic writer's attack on the famous Marquis de Sade. They often appear in the use of a particular word, or the description of a certain character, or even in a parody of one of de Sade's sexual adventures. Seldom does a chapter go by without Bretonne tossing a barbed dart at de Sade.

Part II is centered around many incestuous relationships, much like Part I. This subject is a favorite in this type of literature, and the author could hardly have attacked de Sade's work or created his parodies without it. As I pointed out in the introduction to the first part, incest is a theme in much of the world's great literature, from the Bible to modern best-sellers. CANDY, of recent popularity, had its climactic scene with the young girl in bed with her father, but incestuous relationships are not limited to the more erotic literature. James Michener, the renowned American author, pointed out that incest was a way of life on the Polynesian islands, showing that the royal family was required to marry within the bloodline. Incest was practiced in ancient Egypt for nine centuries and, amazing as it may seem to many, is very much a part of current American sexual behavior. Works contain-

ing overt incestuous acts come under the strictest censorship and, as I pointed out in the introduction to Part I, this could very well be the reason PLEASURES AND FOLLIES has been suppressed for so long.

With the most welcome publishing of FANNY HILL, CANDY, THE STORY OF O, MY SECRET LIFE, and the works of the Marquis de Sade in this country within the past decade, we have embraced the classics and made it possible for students of literature to study these works at first hand and judge them on their merit.

Restif Bretonne is one of the lesser known classic French writers, and this was perhaps because he dedicated his work to parody and attacks on famous authors of his day. Some critics may argue that Bretonne's work lacks the depth found in de Sade, but few will deny that he offers an opposite point of view with great clarity.

Dale Gordon, Ph.D.
San Diego, California 1967

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Some Very Useful Advice To The Reader And To The Author As Well

At long last we have reached the epoch, so frequently alluded to, of the first magnitude fuckeries. Instead of preparing for them, had I chosen abruptly to introduce them now they would surely have bewildered the most widely experienced reader.

When I opened this broadened phase of my enterprise I was sure of having not only the two or three buyers Vitnègre solicited for Conquette, but several girls as well, amongst whom the attractive rue Bordet hat-maker who was usually sent forth in the van: she would be let out to clients of whose proportions I was uncertain, and from her reports I could gauge whether it were safe to expose my less generously cunted girls to any given prick. It was nonetheless essential, in order to avoid their suffering grave injury, to have all my girls's cunts prodigiously stretched; but I had at the same time to keep them away from too many dischargers. The reader will discover how I managed in these delicate affairs.

The reader will also find a brief story inserted in each of the scenes to follow—this so as to vary a bill of fare which otherwise might prove monotonous, to give the reader's imagination a periodic rest, and also to put down a number of adventures I thought I ought to omit from the earlier part of my tale; each little story will sort properly with the context and larger scheme of the work. For nothing would be more out of place than a philosophical dissertation in a book like this: it would become insipid were it to be made heavy, and the reader's taste for philosophy, moreover, would be spoiled:

my moral purpose—and mine is as good as any other—is to give those who have some spirit in them an *erotikon*, well-spiced and lively, which will encourage them to put a no longer lovely wife to the best possible use. But not by any means to the same use suggested by that cruel and dangerous book, *Justine ou les malheurs de la vertu*, which of late has enjoyed such a regrettable popularity.

I have thus still another important intention: I wish to preserve women from cruelty's delirious excesses. The *Anti-Justine*, no less highly seasoned, no less ambitious in its situations than Sade's novel, but altogether unbarbarous, will henceforth prevent men from resorting to barbarity. The publication of this antidote is a matter of urgency, and if dishonor in the eyes of purists, fools and thoughtless censors is to be my lot, I accept it willingly in order to come to the aid of my countrymen.

The work shall have two parts: after the narrative constituting the first will come a series of letters, written with equal vivacity and forming the second.

Cupidonnet's girls recount to him the pleasure-parties their keepers have made them take a hand in, carousings in whose delirious, drunken course their keepers would sometimes have them possessed by a dozen men in succession. But not all of these letters are erotic; some will interest for other reasons; amongst them will be found an account of a resurrection and the important discovery of the origin of Conquette Ingènue and Victoire Conquette, two girls my own daughters have since replaced: and that will justify one aspect of my behaviour which has probably caused the reader some disquiet—I need say no more.

There remains much that might be said about the scenes I am going to bring before the reader's eye, hoping to make him forget what he saw in *Justine* and prefer *The Anti-Justine*. My book must just as much surpass the other in voluptuous-

ness as it yields to *Justine* in cruelty; the reading of but one chapter must be enough to move a man to the proper exploitation of his wife, young or old, pretty or ill-favored, provided the lady have an hygienic acquaintance with the bidet and a well-developed taste in footwear.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

The First Magnitude Fuckeries Begin

After such an evening of gay disporting, my daughter needed to repose herself: the next morning her gem was so fatigued she could not comfortably get up from her chair. She stayed within a short distance of Madame Brideconin, fearing lest someone might come to cross swords with her. Although cured of her aches and pains by the third day, she also avoided being alone with me all the rest of the week: meanwhile, her natural cravings must have accumulated and increased, since she never frigged herself.

On Sunday, at one o'clock, she went to her protectress' kitchen for the last time. Before leaving the storeroom, she presented me with her pretty foot, which I kissed, and without a sign of squeamishness surrendered her cunt-hair to my affectionate fingers. I led her as far as the door, promising to come to get her by five—this made her flush but I observed that, as she mounted the steps, she smiled, thinking I had gone. I was on time; we went for a stroll; I had her walk ahead of me, noticing she was being watched by a man I guessed to be one of Vitnègre's clients, but she being wrapped up in a shawl, he was able to recognize nothing but her shapely behind and interesting gait. I overtook Conquette and asked if 'twas he she preferred. "Yes," was her simple reply. Wherewith, speaking in a louder tone, I addressed her as my daughter. The man moved off. I had forewarned Trait-d'Amour; he had a key to my storeroom; we returned there and found him waiting for us. I supposed he was alone, although I had suggested

he fetch along four other actors, two of each sex. Laughing, I told him my prick was stiff and longing to burrow into a cunt. "What!" said Conquette, "are we to have double-fuckery again? I must assure you that I'm not in the mood for a crowd." "We'll put you in the mood for one," Trait-d'Amour said ironically, for he thought she was my whore. "Deign to glance at this prick I have here," and he exhibited a superb one. "Allow me first to give your cunt a licking, Mademoiselle, my master will encunt you when you have a fancy for something more substantial than a tongue. I've made complete arrangements to afford him, and you too, a royal entertainment." He thrust her brutally down upon the bed and lodged his head 'twixt her thighs, as he licked her saying, in the manner of a threat: "Don't resist me, else I'll hurt you." But, like all other high-spirited women, Madame Poilsoyeux appreciated a shade of roughness in fuckery and its accessory activities. Thus, thinking he was forcing her to do his will, he was admirably flattering hers ... the lovely creature began to discharge.

Whilst I stiffened vibrantly at the sight of my daughter's glistening cunt and buttocks in decisive and swift movement, I perceived something stirring behind the curtain of the alcove. I went to see what it was. There were Minonne and Connette having their cunts licked by two lads, Trait-d'Amour's friends. By signs I bade them make no noise, and with a gesture encouraged them to enjoy themselves.

Meanwhile, Trait-d'Amour was nipping and sucking Madame Poilsoyeux' cunt; when she had sufficiently entered into the spirit of things, he retreated from the breach, drew me towards her and inserted my militant prick in that cuntlet reempucelated by seven days of inactivity. "What," he demanded of the encuntee, "what have you to give me to suck?" She tendered him the index

finger of her right hand which he did indeed fall to sucking after having nevertheless called to his sister and his mistress: "Hither, buggresses, and show your abilities!" One, Minonne, whose hand was as soft as my daughter's cunt, tickled my balls; the other, Connette, rummaged with a buttered finger in my fuckeress' asshole so as to make her quiver beneath me. Madame Poilsoyeux was sweating with pleasure; she shot her tongue into my mouth, calling me her fop . . . her dear hundred-louis cunt-stuffer . . . her beloved thick-pricked client . . . her peerless Trait-d'Amour . . . At least, drunk with erotic fury, she cried: "Vitnègre, you fuck-in-the-ass sod, screw me! fuck me . . . put your fat black prick into me. Let it split me like a melon and embugger me!" and she discharged like a she-devil. At this crucial moment, my mouth contained my encunted daughter's trembling tongue, one of the two girls was massaging my testicles, the other was licking my back and spine. Hitherto I had discharged upon many a fair occasion and thought I knew what it was to release a packet of well-warmed seed, but never had I sensed anything to equal what now I experienced . . . this all but rent me asunder . . . What delight! Trait-d'Amour raised me from my daughter and flung himself into her fuck-drenched cunt. "There's a cunt!" said he, forging ahead, then retreating, each time progressing further and with a jolt, "the difference between this cunt and others is like that between satin and sackcloth!" The young ladies had no need to fondle the hard-fucking Trait-d'Amour; he was by nature blazing hot and soon had his partner afire. I beckoned to the two lads, Brisemotte and Cordaboyau, and had them lay out the two girls, one upon a sofa, the other upon my cot covered with a simple mattress, and I bade them fuck away within plain view of the silken-cunted beauty. By an exceptional stroke of luck, my daughter ejaculated for the second time beneath Trait-d'Amour, and the two

encunted girls discharged at the same instant as did all three of the men then at work: a six-gun salvo! Incredible. The lovely Poilsoyeux's knees drew stiff. "Oh my God!" she cried three times over. "Aie! Aie! Aie!" Minonne: "Ah! Ah! Ah!" Connette: "Oh! Oh! Oh" The three men spoke in chorus: Trait-d'Amour: "Ah, my goddess, fling your ass at me!" Brisemotte: "Shake your ass, bitch!" and Cordaboyau: "Stir it, whore, stir your ass!" Upon discharging, each exclaimed: "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Trait-d'Amour: "Ah, my divine one!" Brisemotte: "Ah, my sacred slut!" Cordaboyau: "Oh glorious buggeress!" Each in his character and according to his peculiar manner. But all of them together.

Madame Poilsoyeux, much practiced by now, prolonged her discharging beyond anything like an ordinary term. The two others had been unstoppered and had already washed long before she was done ejaculating; the outpouring finally came to an end. Trait-d'Amour washed her, and seeing my prick restiffened: "You'll doubtless wish to fuck her as much this time as you did the last?" "To be sure," I replied, "my vigor returns to me with no one but this young beauty, I'd fuck her until my prick was reduced to a splinter and my balls as dry as sand. You'll see how well I can manage when skirmishing with a peer. I simply ask to have a double encuntery in view: 'twill give me heart for the good fight."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Pertaining To Embuggero-Encuntery

My response brought a smile to Trait-d'Amour's lips; in all likelihood, he doubted of my capacity to match deed to word. "Very well," said he, "I'm going to give you a pleasure you've never had before, nor those other buggers either. I learned this exercize from the Abbé Chonauche, formerly a member of the Order of St. Geneviève, who used frequently to embugger me in the days before I had a beard on my chin or hair on my balls. Once, noticing I was getting tired of his sodomistical incursions, he told me to go and bring him the little Culfraisé, young in years, pretty as Cupid and not yet sold to an English lord. He had me take twelve francs to her mother and a message saying the girl would receive twelve more in addition. The Abbé had her lean with one elbow upon a low table, he got behind her and embuggered while I, in front, encunted her: we marched in simultaneously, our two pricks felt each other, either that or the little slut wiggled her ass in such a way as we fancied we felt one another. Chonauche would now and then let her drive her cunt down around my prick and then his prick halfway dislodged, he enjoyed the possibility of reembuggering her; while she ass-fucked with him, I partially decunted, and would then reencunt: this intriguing game lasted as long as Chonauche could hold back his seed: usually, he'd not discharge at all, reserving all he could muster for my asshole. And so he would have little Culfraise lie down on her back, I'd encunt her; meanwhile, the Abbé would embugger me, and we used all three to discharge with one peal of

thunder. We'll not adopt the Abbé's scheme, 'tis too fatiguing a way to fuck . . . but he used to pay the pretty buggress . . . Are you paid, Madame? No, surely not, she's an honest woman, I can tell it from her style of fucking: no whore fucks like Madame. Such being the case, I'm going to give you a physical demonstration with one of the other two girls . . . Step forth, Minonne, come along, Connette; whichever of you would like to be embuggered and encunted simultaneously, let her present herself, skirts in the air!' '

During the speech, which allowed her some respite, Conquette had covered her cunt and breasts, and the two girls, bubs flying free, had sat down beside her; she had kissed their nipples and then calmly covered their breasts with their kerchiefs. (Madame Poilsoyeux always became modest again directly after she ceased to be fucked.) The two girls replied as one, "I!" "I would!" "Very well," said Trait-d'Amour, "first one, then the other. Have we any pommade or butter at hand?" "We do," replied the lovely Satin-cunt, blushing; "here is a jar of pommade, you will find butter in that dish on the table." "We'll save the butter for you, my lovely lady—as lovely about the ass and cunt as in the face," resumed Trait-d'Amour. Minonne was industriously greasing her rose-bud. "And so you're to be the first, little sister?" "Aye, and 'twill be you who will depucelate my ass." "I'm a maid in that sector too," cried Connette. "No, no," said Trait-d'Amour, "I'll not take these grave responsibilities upon myself; I am today entirely at Madame's disposal. Although bumstuffing, whether active or passive, has always frightened me somewhat, Madame's smooth behind tempts me as much as the narrow scabbard she has beforewards and which in a week's time if left unused, or in an hour, if rinsed with cool water, will righten to such a degree one would think her a virgin again; I am convinced Madame has never been bumfucked,"—

kneeling, he peered at her asshole—"no, she looks chaste in this quarter too." Conquette smiled dreamily.

Trait-d'Amour's two comrades drew cards to settle who would depucelate Minonne's ass, for both were eager to have her; fate chose Cordaboyau (moderately pricked) to do the work; he oiled his tool to the root. Trait-d'Amour had Minonne lie on her side, he situated Cordaboyau before her ass and Brisemotte (largely and splendidly pricked) before her cunt. The two youths closed in, each striving to his utmost to wreak havoc, which vigorous bilateral penetration gave Minonne such pleasure that she exclaimed: "Good God! what delight! 'tis a fuckery fit for a princess! . . ." They say the Queen fucked sandwiched by d'Artois and Vaudreuil . . . the latter would wound her vent . . . "Come along," said Trait-d'Amour, "endeavor all three of you to discharge at the same time." Cordaboyau clutched the wench's haunches so as to drive the deeper into her; Brisemotte did the same; so that, immobilized, she was buffeted about in every direction. "Pay close attention," I told Conquette Ingénue, "and you'll be able to do likewise when your turn arrives, and arrive it shall, for you must become acquainted with every variety of fuckery." Although covering her face with her fan, she turned in such a way as to be able to watch the game through it. Minonne was panting . . . Connette, stupified and tongue-tied lay motionless, staring at her. "What are you doing there, buggeress?" demanded Trait-d'Amour, our master of ceremonies, "come to our aid, Madame, suck her nipples, lick her cunt, it's as tidy and clean as a bride's sunny countenance." These energetic words brought the queen of the festival into the dance.

Whilst Minonne labored and whilst Connette was being labored over, the latter unveiled her breasts and Madame Poilsoyeux', she sucked their extremities, she had hers sucked; the titillations

procured her by Conquette's mouth, as satin-soft as her cunt, hurled the young Connette into an amorous fury; she pulled up Poilsoyeux' petticoats, inserted her tongue in her cunt, tickled her clitoris; however much in a frenzy, the lovely Conquette's eyes were fixed upon Minonne who, at this point, was announcing to her fuckers that she was readying to discharge: they redoubled their thumping and thwacking, she cried: "Divine prick!" and opened the sluices . . . the embuggerer and encunter caught her in a crossfire of fuck; it streamed from both ends of her. My daughter, poignantly tongued by Connette, was beside herself and that demure beauty said to the young girl: "Get out of my hole, slut! . . . give me a fucker! . . . ho! I say, fucker! . . . two hundred of them!" Trait-d'Amour hears the call, he draws the toiling Connette aside, pulling her away by the pretty blonde goatee growing on her cunt. He anoints Madame Vitnègre's splendid asshole with butter, rubs some on his towering prick, lies belly down on her buttocks, nips into the rosebud heedless of the embuggered goddess' faint protests, grips her with powerful hands, turns himself and her over so that now he is on his back and his prick still buried to the hilt in her ass; her cunt yawning at the ceiling, Trait-d'Amour calls to her father: "A sublime cunt longs for your kind attentions; stuff it with something stiff. Don't spare the rod—the slut's ass is full of me and I'll give you a little movement. Forgive me, goddess, I'm a bit giddy . . . Connette, fiddle with our friend's balls, give 'em a spin . . ." I encunted my delicious daughter and felt Trait-d'Amour's ponderous weapon throbbing nearby, further constricting her passage and causing her cunt to oscillate as never cunt oscillated before. I was delirious as I shouted: "There 'tis, bastard of a Vitnègre, thoroughly a cuckold, cunt-and-asswise! . . ." The idea inflamed me, and its brutality prevented me from discharging too soon. I attained the charming nipper at the

bottom of her cunt, it suckled my prick and Trait-d'Amour communicated all his movements to me, causing my adorable fuckeress, already prepared by Connette's tongue, to make some truly startling ones. "Ah! ..." exclaimed Conquette, "screw ... oh, screw me ... I am dis—char—ging ... f-f-fuck!" "There's a cunt full of fuck for you, queen of pricks and gods!" bellowed Trait-d'Amour, and I felt the spasmodic twitching of his thick prick disgorging a cupful of semen. Then I too unburdened myself. My daughter, inundated by fuck, squirmed and thrashed. "Oh satiny cunt of my prick," I cried, "how delicious you are! . . ." Maame Vitnègre was still emitting when Trait-d'Amour emerged from her anus: his withdrawal made her discharge again ... Conquette, in whose cunt I left my prick to tremble after its eruption, stammered, wept, laughed, shook beneath me; Connette had abandoned my balls; his prick still erect, Trait-d'Amour had returned to us. "Fuck her for me while she's hot," I said, "she's still leaking ... And you," I said to Connette, "go lick that rosebud all covered now with nectar." She obeyed me; but Minonne, her cunt and asshole unstoppred and scrubbed, had nothing to keep her busy: she took Connette's place, asking me whether indeed it were not impertinent to tickle her brother's balls while he was fucking his mistress.

In the meantime Cordaboyau and Brisemotte had laid hands on Connette, the former now encunting while the other embuggered her so as to provide my daughter with an inspiring example. But everything was drawing to an end. Madame Vitnègre ceased her discharging, Trait-d'Amour decunted and guided her to the bidet. She tactfully covered her cunt and breasts, then said to the girls: "My dear friends, go help my landlady prepare us a fine supper." They ran to do her bidding. "If," my daughter said, "you only asked for our ordinary supper, there'll not be half enough," and she

suggested I confer with Madame Brideconin who, as it turned out, had prepared the usual meal. "Then go quickly to the butcher across the way," said I, "and get some good wine too, for we'll not be drinking water." Then we all gathered together in the storeroom.

"Prick up again?" asked Trait-d'Amour; "mine is. We ought not let these cunts pine away simply because we are waiting for the meal to be served." "I'm not stiff, in truth," I answered, but the sight of my goddess' behind and of her foot sets me afire." "Why, then, I've something in mind to put a little backbone in your sausage."

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

A New Actress; The Dance Of The Blacks

"Look sharp, wenches," Trait-d'Amour said to his sister and mistress; "be quick, off with your clothes! and as for you buggers, take off yours too." He removed all he was wearing. "But we need another actress. I've just seen an engaging creature pass by." "That was Madame Brideconin, our good friend's landlady," Connette explained. "No, no, my dear, that was a little brunette who lives at the other end of the court; she's the younger sister of a tall blonde we'll perhaps someday persuade to join us and whose name is Conindoré. The little one's named Rose-Mauve, and they say she's a clever creature and as amorous as a cat, although for all I know she's still a virgin, for her mother keeps a close eye on her; however, when a man kisses her he has no trouble getting her to stick out her tongue at him." "I know her," the lovely Poilsoyeux said in her well-modulated voice, "and she ... she ... Trait-d'Amour—" "Yes, my goddess?" "Put her pretty tongue in my mouth and ..." "And what?" "Tongued my fur clean." "Go fetch her, Connette." "No," Conquette said with decision, "I'll go for her myself." She left and having encountered Rose-Mauve who was coming back down the stairs because she'd found at home that wealthy old uncle of hers whose impotent lubricity she used to stimulate by tickling his scrotum and testicles, which would get him limply up, Conquette told her what was afoot, obtained her consent, and brought her to the storeroom. The two girls and the three young men were as naked as the day they were born; without addressing a word to her, they all five set

to work removing her clothes, all of which save her underslip disappeared in a trice; next, her ass, her cunt, thighs and feet were washed ... Then Trait-d'Amour said to her: "You must do everything in imitation of my sister and my mistress," There and then the dance of the blacks began: each girl made all the movements of an ardent negress who first flees from the prick she is dying to have in her cunt, who is then caught by the prick, and who finally wiggles and slithers her hips and ass just as if the prick were gliding into her. The boys chased after the girls with their pricks in their fists and directly they had seized them, they were turned round for encuntment and stuck from behind; the boys squirmed, writhed, snapped, bit and fought as though they were tearing the cunts to pieces; the girl took the prick in her hand, the boy the girl's cunt-hair etc., etc.

I had a thundering erection; I raised my daughter's negligee above her waist; "Cunt of Venus!" I said, "copy all those ass- and cunt-movements you see ..." She was definitely aroused, ran into the center of the dance, and began rapidly to execute the various steps. Seeing my prick aloft and his companions also in a cheery disposition, Trait-d'Amour sounded the trumpet: "To the couch!" He abandoned Rose-Mauve, his dancing partner, who appeared most chagrined; however, "Your turn will come, my sweet," he told her as he lay Conquette on the sofa and adjusted pillows under her ass. "Come, if you like," he called to Rose-Mauve, "come lick this cuntlet while I stuff you from behind, or embugger you, whichever you prefer." "A virgin's ought not to be depucelated from behind," she replied in a lively fashion; "so embugger me, do, while I tongue this delightful love-crack." She sucked the dazzling cunt that belonged to Monsieur Vitnègre's dazzling wife, and Trait-d'Amour forged ahead stubbornly into the charming cunt-sucker's asshole. Madame Poil-

soyeux cried aloud for aid: "The prick!" she said, "the prick!" I could restrain myself no longer, I swept Rose-Mauve out of my way and pitched headlong into the cunt of my daughter, then panting with lust.

I was in the midst of a vigorous encuntment when I had the delicious surprise of feeling my asshole and my balls too being laved by Rose-Mauve's velvet mouth and tongue; I cuckolded the blessed Vitnègre as copiously as if I'd had the balls of a god. Ablutions followed. "With my goddess' permission," said I, "I must settle a debt with Rose-Mauve," "No!" everyone chorused, "no! wait until Sunday ..." I paid no attention to them; I thrust my lance into the maid, she wept, sobbed, shrieked and bled in ecstasy, and they were all witness to a resounding victory ... But Conquette scolded me as we went to supper.

Conversation was sober, temperate; Brideconin and his wife were edified by what they heard (they shall soon be seen collaborating in our pleasures). At dessert, Trait-d'Amour asked me to tell a story in keeping with our amusements; I gave him a letter sent to Vitnègre by one of his three clients— I'd found the letter in one of my daughter's trunks, and I invited him to read it to the company.

CHAPTER THIRTY

A Family Arrangement

"One of our well-to-do colleagues had a mistress of sixteen; he used to enjoy her in the same manner for which I have a preference. Let me tell you the story of how he got her—I like writing such tales, they give me an erection, and I dare say reading them has a similar effect upon you.

"The girl's father had formerly been rich and had brought her up with all possible care and delicacy; but now he had fallen upon hard times, and was so sorely reduced he was unable to feed either her or his twelve-year-old son. My colleague having found the girl pleasing, he asked to buy her; the father sold her to him for 12,000 pounds; but as Piocheneuil (my colleague's name) is a jaded rake, he requires a real pepper-pot stew to whet his appetite: his favorite stunt is to have the father undress and wash his own daughter before he, Piocheneuil, takes his pleasure with her; the father then catches up the fucker's prick and directs it into the pretty Piochée's unfledged cunt. Her father had oiled it the first time. During the act, he exhorts her to wiggle her ass, to hug the fucker in her arms, and so forth, and when Piocheneuil decunts, the father washes his prick, his daughter's ass and cunt, and dries them. In the course of their conversation, Piocheneuil soon learned that Piochée had a brother, a veritable Adonis, that is to say, the perfect image of his mother, who had been a most beautiful woman. My colleague hears of the boy's existence and successfully negotiates for him too; he is greased by his father and embuggered by the capitalist. A few days later, wishing to fuck the

sister more vigorously, he had the father wash her, the younger brother suck her, and he encunts her when she is within an ace of a discharge. Thereafter, he gave up sodomizing the little lad. 'Bugger!' said he to the father, 'the sight of your daughter's cunt leaves me cold; I need to be stimulated; do me the kindness of embuggering your young son, that ought to stiffen me.' It was to the father's interest to flatter the libertine's whims; and so the father set to work and aroused the old satyr to such a point that he encunted and even embuggered the little girl.

"That has been going on for five or six years. When the boy reached fifteen, Piocheneuil had him encunt his sister. He fucked her immediately afterward while the father embuggered the lad; at other times the brother embuggers his sister while the old rascal encunts her ... That's the life my colleague leads and he finds it delicious at his age. The girl is delicate and pretty, the boy is handsome, the father's a horror. The girl has become pregnant; my friend is probably correct in ascribing her state to the boy. I hope she bears a daughter—the children of incest are commonly very beautiful—; and I should add that this attractive boy is the son of an elder brother who fell madly in love with his mother. He devised a scheme whereby, mixing some ingredient in his father's soup at dinner-time, he caused him an enduring and recurrent diarrhea. Obliged constantly to get up from bed, the father would unknowingly cede his place to his son who, every time his father went out to the toilet, used to encunt his mother ... six times a night, as a rule. Those, then, are the origins of this handsome youth who so perfectly resembles his deceased mother that, dressed in her clothes, he is taken for her. So it was that a former lover of that beautiful woman kept the young man as his mistress, requiring of him only that he array himself as once she dressed, borrow her name—Madame Broutevit—, speak in

her lisping low voice, say 'my cunt' instead of 'my ass,' whilst he, Vitacon, the lover, would allude to the past by saying to his 'mistress': 'Come, my dearest, I'm going to futter you from beind'."

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Further Arranging Of The Same Family—
Ten Years Later

"I'll give you the rest of this story. Piochée did indeed have a daughter who, today, is fourteen and who is quite as lovely as her grandmother, with raven black hair and quite delectable feet; she serves my old friend's pleasures; no longer able to encunt, he has the child caress him while Piochée, her mother, sucks his prick. 'Tis while in the throes of this drawn-out and difficult pleasure, caused by the sensations quickened in his paralyzed prick by the fourteen-year-old Piochée's palate, that he says to Piochée the Adonis, little Piochée's father and uncle whom the girl once loved incestuously: 'Get stiff, bugger, but don't discharge! You'll depucelate your little slut of a daughter as soon as your grandfather pulls his prick out of your ass.' The little one was cunt-sucked by the old scoundrel, then pommaded by her mother; her father, his asshole unencumbered, approached her and darted his prick into her cuntlet whose lips her mother held drawn apart—but the fucker made no headway at all. Wounded, the little one raised a squall; touched by the scene, the old satyr's prick stirred pathetically, and he cried: 'But, what the devil are you about? Push, why don't you, push, damn your eyes! push, you bugger, in with you, get out of sight, split the girl's cunt wide open if need be, blow it to bits, what do I care? In with you and may she conceive a little wench whom we'll deflower in her turn some fine day.' And the skinny old ape, thanks to some strange phenomenon, emitted a few drops of fuck which fell into Piochée's

mouth at the same moment Adonis, forcing the fast barricades, heedless of his daughter's outcries, discharged well within the battered fort. The old bounder was so delighted by this performance he straightway wrote out annuities of a thousand crowns for both Piochete and Piochée—this above and beyond what he had already conferred uoon them. His great joy, while using the mother's mouth as an envelope for his defunct ancient prick which has long since ceased to discharge, is to witness Piochette being probed in either cunt or asshole, and also at the same time to have the father embuggered while fucking the daughter of the grandfather, who, in his turn, embuggers a lackey upon whose ass sits Piochée being fucked by yet another lackey ... in a word, he enjoys seeing everyone simultaneously in action. It is, believe me, a veritable three-ring circus. He sees to it that the old Piochard is kept in the best possible health; he is fed an invigorating diet so as to preserve that frightful monster's capacity to encunt his daughter and embugger his son ... During this tumultuous scene, the ribald old impotent fondles the dainty young lass' bubs or cunt, or sometimes snaps his tongue into the latter part of her, and licks. And sometimes his weary old head fairly reels when he has the mother encunted and Adonis embuggered by a dozen or score of his friends, all these penetrations occurring, be it understood, at a single sitting; the little girl, at such times, is always nude and placed within plain sight of the embuggerers and encunters. 'Tis old Piochard's chore to insert the pricks in the appropriate cunts or assholes.

"The foregoing account ought to give you some approximate idea of the excellent use we can make of your wife once you have depucelated her: you'll not be deprived of anything, never fear: you will yourself fit the pricks into Madame's asshole and cunt, you'll be her pimp and when both her holes are adequately enlarged, you'll perhaps, my dear

fellow, be allowed to fuck her in each of them.

"My fraternal salutations and heartiest best wishes,

"L'Elargisseur.

"P.S. In the course of my most recent visit, I discovered that Piochette has indeed brought the prettiest imaginable little daughter into the world; Piocheneuil showed her to me: she's three years old now. But by way of a crowning detail, let me tell you this; the old libertine has already got his prick into her mouth—yes, quite, into the infant's—; when he gives it to be sucked, he has the young mother toy with his balls. I asked why he felt in such great haste, why he had to employ a mere babe for these purposes. 'Ah,' he replied, 'they're capital at that tender age: they understand nothing, hence are disgusted by nothing. And that counts. Do you suppose any rational being would want to suck this poor old prick of mine? Ha, 'tis to be doubted'."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Wherein Figures Much Encuntery

"Such, dear Madame," I said to Conquette, "would certainly have been your fate had you not had the good fortune to die and cease to be Vitnègre's wife"—my remark astonished everyone including my daughter and the Brideconins.

This letter, read to the company after we had put away a quantity of champagne, elevated the spirits of the younger members of our group. While the Brideconins tidied up after the meal, the rest of us repaired to the storeroom. There, half tipsy, Trait-d'Amour took me aside and, pointing to his comrades: "How the devil can these buggers have an inkling of our happiness, and of what your mistress' cunt is like if they don't handle it for themselves? I'm not suggesting that they ought to discharge into it, surely not, but simply that they take a quick experimental dip to sample its smoothness. As soon as they've all had a plunge and are out again, you or I—depending upon which of us two is in the better state to do the job —will finish off the work and make Madame discharge."

"Agreed," I answered. Cordaboyau, stiff as a mule, presented himself first. We had Conquette repose upon the fucking-couch, adjusted her clothing and declared we'd stand by to pluck him from the breech as soon as he'd obtained a notion of the narrow cunt's incredible geography and velvet-like texture and when the fluttering of his eyelids indicated an imminent eruption of fuck. "Well, in that case," said the bugger, "have one of our sluts lie down near at hand. Tell her to grease her cunt: I'll sound it when I feel my prick convulsing for a

discharge." Ross-Mauve was pommaded and stationed within convenient reach of Cordaboyau. He slowly encunted Conquette, the remarkable quantities of whose cunt elicited exclamations from him, but he sank down to the bottom. We watched him carefully . . . he winked: Brisemotte and Trait-d'Amour instantly picked him up. "The blasted scoundrel," they cried, "he's about to come!" And they deposited him upon Rose-Mauve, whose legs were well-spread and waiting; Connette guided his prick to the mark. Rose-Mauve, most passionate of the ladies at our disposal—with, of course, the notable exception of that incredible Madame Vitnègre—, swallowed the prick with three speedy jerks of her ass; Cordaboyau accompanied his discharge with howls and shouts of lust; Rose-Mauve's legs wrapped round his waist with a perfectly delicious fury.

What I was watching brought my prick aloft and I plunged into my daughter's wet cunt; sufficiently exercized, she discharged twice by the time I'd moistened her with my paternal seed. She giggled, sighed, twitched and rolled and kicked. "Ah! ha!" said Trait-d'Amour, "you are her cunt's very soul, my dear master! it melts into love-juice when you perforate it. Fuck him, divine creature, and discharge!" Next came Brisemotte's turn; lubricated, Conquette was stretched out upon the couch; he plugged her gap. The bulkiness of the prick and its rigidity fetched muffled groans from her breast; she labored with all the best in her, but the formidable engine lay three inches from home. All of a sudden we perceived that the treacherous Brisemotte was about to drench in a torrent of sperm the cuntlet he was martyrizing; we were unable to pry him loose; his prick was lodged tight, inextricably wedged, like a great mastiff's would be in the vulva of a bitch of that same breed. In this moment of peril, we, Trait-d'Amour and I addressed ourselves imploringly to Conquette's sense of propriety. Faithful to

our pricks, that adorable fuckeress lunged her ass powerfully backwares and dislodged Brisemotte's member. Without a moment's hesitation, Trait-d'Amour, all asweat, drove his hanger into the gaping cunt. Enraged, Brisemotte hurled himself upon Rose-Mauve, who was expecting nothing of the sort; he fucked her from the rear and with such brutality he made her cry out as much from pain as from pleasure. Seeing Connette getting to her feet, "Stay where you are, slut!" he roared, "I'm in such a rage over that velvet-lined cunt Trait-d'Amour's fucking that I'd encunt the Place de la Concorde." Once through with Rose-Mauve he did indeed fuck Connette, brought shrieks from her, then without pausing had wildly at Minonne, and resumed: "Rose-Mauve, why have I not got that infernal landlady under my belly? The old girl limps gracefully about, she's got fair dugs, call her hither!" We prepared Rose-Mauve for him, he embuggered her. Meanwhile, Trait-d'Amour was fighting it out with Madame Vitnègre, who complained tenderly of his roughness and discharged uninterruptedly, for her encunter did not once decunt. "Let any buggress who's got nothing else to do," said he, "come here and tickle my goddess' teats; that will make her give me a jolt or two." "Very well," I joined in, "Minonne, go tickle her clitoris; Connette will employ her soft hands to dangle your cruel cunt-splitter's balls, and I'll tickle my beloved's delicate feet." All this was done. Violent leaps and starts, cries, exclamations of lewd delight: "Divine fuck! ... divine cunt!" "Divine prick!"—by these tokens our two coworkers gave evidence of their frenzy.

However, Cordaboyau's nose caught the scent of Conquette's sweet little shoe, and he went like a shot to put his prick into it. "Don't bother over that thing," said Rose-Mauve, solidly embuggered as at the moment she happened to be, "that's silly. My cunt is idle, why don't you give it a fucking?"

She thrust her belly into the air-and while Brisemotte continued to tunnel into her ass, Cordaboyau took possession of her cunt.

I had such a blinding erection, thanks to what I saw and heard going on, that I was ready to encunt Minonne or Connette; my daughter, then busily discharging, spoke softly to me: "Can it then be . . . that you are tempted by some . . . some cunt other than mine? . . ." This example of filial devotion touched my heart: "Off with you," I said to Trait-d'Amour, "you must have discharged by now." He decunted and I, stirred by an unlimited fatherly affection encunted my daughter without even washing her flooded cunt. "We'll mix our three fucks," I said as I burrowed in; "may your daughterly cunt engulf the paternal prick and delight therein! Move your ass to and fro, my adorable child, give me back all the fuck I spat into your mother's womb so as to beget you. Ah! how the wench writhed, shook her ass and vibrated her cunt the day I stuffed her with you! She was wearing her shoes, her clothes, they were somewhat askew, she was so furiously hot she got astride me and encunted her own self in order to excite me the more. While she was posting up and down, she said: 'Push it in, my chick . . . bury it completely . . . my cunt's oiled and ready for anything, I've just been fucked by that handsome law-office clerk you're so jealous of.' And she squirmed and twisted. As for myself, I fucked her then with the same religious zeal wherewith I am fucking you now; 'twas I who engendered you in her slithery cunt . . . although you bear a likeness to Louis XV, who, so they say, used to fuck your mother." "Oh dear father! heaven-sent, trice-blessed prick!" was Ingénue's reply: "overwhelmed by fuck and tenderness, I feel by my insatiable cunt that I am truly your daughter, I sense it when I am gripped by the pleasure that is mine when the celestial thought enters my mind that I am being fucked by my father! . . . Let us

discharge in unison, dearest papa ... I have more fuck when ... fucking you than anyone else ... Ah! ah! burrow, dig in, dig in, father-prick ... My fuck's long in arriving ... for I've done a lot of fucking, you know, but while waiting I have all the more pleasure ... Ah fuck! oh joy! ... Vitnègre, monster who would tear me to bits without evey trying to tupper me, why are you not on my belly now? why is your black prick not gouging my cunt? And Fort-à-Mort, rend me in twain! ... Dear papa," the delirious girl continued, "divine fucker, I'm coming ... I'm co-c-coming ... for Fout-à-Mort's sake! ..." And she gave vent to a tide of fuck; her eyes rolled, she babbled, she foamed at the mouth. She had locked her legs around my waist and with her cunt and thighs she beat out a fine paradiddle upon my belly; I said, I believe, that someone had put her shoes on her feet and with each jolt of her ass she clicked her high heels together, as her mother used to so as to remind me, while we fucked, of the beauty of her feet. This spectacle looked so delicious to my three droll companions-at-arms that, carried away altogether, they fell to encunting: Trait-d'Amour stuffed Rose-Mauve, Cordaboyau Connette, and Brisemotte Minonne; those lads made the girls screech like so many virgins.

When I at last had ejaculated, I told my one-time secretary to decunt, lift me, and put me down in an armchair; he did so. My daughter was palpitating; she was tickling her cunt with three fingers. Trait-d'Amour stiffened afresh, with lunatic celerity he leapt upon her. "Embugger me, if you would be so kind, sir," she murmured; "I believe that would better serve to make me discharge." "Ah, yes!" cried the bugger, "your cunt's too weary," and he pierced her asshole dry. "I'm going to discharge again," she announced, continuing to frig herself. "Wait, wait an instant," her young perforator said, "I'll frig you while embuggering." Em-

buggered and frigged, Conquette's teeth chattered with pleasure. At this point, Brisemotte, finished with Minonne, sprang upon Rose-Mauve whom Trait-d'Amour had abandoned for my daughter; Rose-Mauve got herself embuggered and frigged to boot; Cordaboyau turned Connette over and dealt likewise with her; free, Minonne tongued Conquette's cunt while her brother was sodomizing Conquette; and I frigged Minonne. The three buggeresses declared that friggery joined to embuggery was divine.

As for myself, I sat slumped down in my armchair, a listless finger in Minonne's cunt, for I had scarcely the strength to frig her, was toppling over with drowsiness and yet stiff as the devil and lusting for all four of them. It made no difference to me whom I encunted, I must confess. Brisemotte steered Rose-Mauve towards me, his prick lodged in her asshole: I encunted her; the lively Minonne turned her alabaster buttocks around and presented me with her cunt, and I was about to sound it too when I heard Conquette exclaim: "I see what you're doing! She snapped Trait-d'Amour's prick from her ass and rushed my way. "If Cupidonnet's going to die from over-taxing his prick, 'twill be in my cunt he expires." She caught me in her arms and engulfed my weary weapon. We ended up in a heap and each quietly squeezed out his last drops of sperm.

Thus concluded that memorable soiree; the following Sunday was fixed as the date for the next party. After having given herself a scrupulous washing, Conquette went modestly, indeed shyly to bed. I was unable to walk. My three gay colleagues remunerated their little partners and then picked me up bodily and carried me home, where they tucked me into bed.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

The Sensible Fuckeress

The following day, after I had completed my work, I went to visit my daughter; she was in the storeroom and embraced me directly I arrived. "In heaven's name, dear papa, look out for your health. My need for your paternal kindness is greater than ever. What would become of me were I to lose you? You are the best of fathers, you give me all my necessities and much pleasure besides. I have an insatiable gem, but your Trait-d'Amour appeases it and satisfied me wonderfully well. I am well aware of the gift you have given me, and am grateful for it: my gratitude and tenderness belong entirely to you, I give no one else anything but fuck." "My adorable daughter, you are always so faultlessly modest." "I am also obliged to Trait-d'Amour for having brought along his little sister and his pretty mistress, especially for having turned them over to his two comrades so that he was able to devote all his attentions to me and relieve you in the hour of need, for I was very hot indeed. The girls are dear little creatures and are at least as accomplished as Rose-Mauve who, I must say is not without her merits. But you must be careful not to overdo it papa; stay close to me, I'll keep you busy enough. And no more than one party a week—I'm thinking of your capacities now, not of mine. Trait-d'Amour will give me most of what I need between parties. By only making love on Sundays, the boys and girls will find their appetite increased and their pleasure greater; we'll devote half the day to the games and it will be delightful. But I'm jealous of you and Trait-d'Amour; don't put it in anyone but me, tell

them all you don't want any cunt but mine. I am jealous by nature; and then again, where will you find a wife or a girl better than the one you have? I'm always clean and neat, whenever I do pee-pee I wash, as much for the fun of it as for fastidiousness' sake, since this part of me which you are so generous as to find charming, is always so hot that I never bring water into its neighborhood without feeling voluptuous sensations approaching those of lovemaking. And so don't put it in me during the week, wait until Sunday, your pleasure will be greater and you'll avoid killing yourself. Touch neither my fur nor my bubbies." "You're quite right," I admitted; "during the week I'll kiss nothing other than your pretty feet, and I want constantly to have one of your slippers on my mantlepiece at home." "By all means. There's nothing more flattering than thus to be worshipped even down to one's least articles of apparel; and because you adore them, I take the very best care of my feet. I wash them in rose-water twice each day, morning and evening and whenever I come back from a walk." "Ah, celestial fuckeress, let me kiss them! let me kiss them!" "None of that during the week: it arouses you. Kiss your idol, my face is as sensitive as most other parts of me. But go no further. Apart from that, I'm yours, do with me what you like, sell me, surrender me whenever you wish; I'd give myself with pleasure, knowing it is for you."

Despite my inclinations, I fasted dutifully; I kept control over myself because it was necessary to do so. But there on my mantel lay her slipper, pink with green heels. I rendered it a daily homage in honor of my daughter, the most pious and most devoted child any man ever had. On Saturday I told Conquette of this ritual; she was transported with joy. She darted her tongue into my mouth, gave me her nipples to suck, her silken cunt-hair to fondle, and said lovingly: "I thank heaven for

having given me such a good father; he took the best care of me during my childhood and I am happy now to be able to make some return of his kindness by giving him a little pleasure; I am the charm and delight of his life, he is the charm and delight of mine. In love, and this I know by experience, nothing equals the voluptuousness of incest." A few minutes later, at eight o'clock, the whole of our little society—Trait-d'Amour, his sister Minonne, his mistress Connette, Rose-Mauve, Cordaboyau, Brisemotte—came to talk over the next day's get-together. I gave them the password and asked them to stay for supper; we had a fine eight-pound roast leg of lamb and quantities of Burgundy with hot paté; after the meal, eager to inject a little fire into them and into myself too, I related in the Brideconins' presence, the following story.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The Man With The Tail

"You enjoyed stories," I said, pushing aside the plate containing my paté, which I did not wish to eat; "we'll have very different business on our hands tomorrow; while you are finishing your supper I propose to entertain you with a tale." My friends laughed merrily and then fell silent and listened.

"There was in the city of Sens a widow, still beautiful although the mother of six girls, eldest of whom was nearing twenty and was named Adelaide; the second, Sophie, was less than nineteen; Julie, the third, was almost eighteen; Justine seventeen, Aglaé sixteen, and finally, the youngest, Emilie fifteen. As for the mother, brought to bed with her first child at only fourteen, she was consequently, thirty-four. Madame Linars—that was her name—had as well two nieces one of fifteen, the other of twenty-two, Lucie and Annette Baco; also in the household were a pretty chambermaid of eighteen and the cook, a tall and handsome girl of twenty years. The husband had mismanaged his financial affairs before he died; his widow had only the income from her dowry, roughly five or six thousand pounds, with which to support her numerous entourage; the nieces had, between the two of them, only fifteen hundred pounds a year: thus there were eleven persons to maintain on at the most seven thousand five hundred pounds.

"There then appeared in Sens a large and handsome man whose face indicated an age of thirty, whereas he was actually ten years younger than that. He was said to be exceedingly rich; and indeed he was. His arms and chest were covered

with a thicket of hair; his regard was direct, penetrating, even fierce, but his smile was sweet and gave him a mild aspect. And it was often he smiled, and unfailingly when he saw a pretty woman.

"The eldest of the Linars girls was charming. Fysistère, ravished, fell head over heels in love with her even though in his seraglio he already had at the time a married woman whom he'd spirited away from Paris with her husband's consent; he had also this unfortunate lady's sister, sold him by her father; thirdly, he had a superb Carmelite nun, their cousin, who had given herself of her own accord to him, because (doubtless) she was hysterical or, if you prefer, a nymphomaniac. But all his mistresses were pregnant at the time: Fysistère employed them exclusively for the begetting of children. He went to Madame Linars' house to ask for Adelaide's hand.

"The hairy rascal, discovering no fewer than eleven women in the establishment, fairly trembled, so at home did he feel He produced an inventory of his goods, reckoned up his fortune, and proposed to marry the eldest. An annual income of thirty thousand francs and documents he exhibited induced Madame Linars to accept without having to be asked a second time; thereafter, appearing the perfect gentleman, he paid the family visits until the marriage, and he distributed presents, not only to his intended, but to her mother, the sister-in-law, to Lucie and Annette, the two nieces, as well as to Géoline and Mariette, the servants. 'Twas by means of these gifts he laid siege to their virtue.

"But a few details are required to be better acquainted with this personage.

"Fysistère was one of those hirsute men who have descended from a mingling of our species with that of the strange men with tails who dwell in the isthmus of Panama and upon the island of Borneo. He had the vigor of ten ordinary men, that is to say he might have beaten ten if they'd fought with the

same weapons and on an equal footing, and he needed all for himself as many women as ten men would require. At Paris, he had bought the wife of a person named Guac, a scoundrel who'd sold and surrendered her to him. Fysistère had since then been keeping her under lock and key; he took his pleasure with this luckless creature (the most enticing woman imaginable and one furnished with a passionate temper) ten or twelve times each day, which usage so fatigued her that she had recommended he consult her father and arrange to buy her sister too, Doucette by name, who would share her work with her. He did as she suggested, but these two women were soon worn to a frazzle; happily, a nuns' confessor at about the same period located the hysterical nun for our satyr. She was the two sisters' cousin; the confessor got her from her convent by a ruse, saying he planned to take her to a health resort: he delivered her instead to Fysistère: she serviced him alone for a fortnight; her two cousins thereby got some much needed rest.

" 'Twas at this period the man with the tail came to Sens and met the Linars family. Before he had acquired Madame Guac, he had been brought three dressmaker's apprentices every morning, but the precautions he was obliged to take for the sake of his health when dealing with creatures who, after having seen him, circulated freely about town, these safety measures, I say, annoyed and hampered him no end and spoiled the pleasure he took with the girls he had procured. Moreover as he had decided upon a plan to increase the size of the race of tailed men and to populate all of Borneo (his native island) with them, he was eager to be able to keep an eye on the children he sired. His three women were gravid, he preferred not to fatigue them further for the time being. As soon as he gained entry into the Linars home, he would have undertaken without delay to deflower his future

wife, or stuff one of the nieces, or the cook or the maid, had he not noticed that this would have brought on complications; he decided to postpone this supplementary recruiting until after his marriage. The first whom he assailed was his mother-in-law-to-be. He gave her a gift of two thousand crowns in cash enclosed in an embroidered purse one day, and, she flying into ecstasy of gratitude, he slid his hand under her skirt: "You'll have an identical sum every six months," said he, "if you let me put it in you now; nor need you worry lest your submission prove prejudicial to your daughter; there's more than enough left for her." As he was uncommonly powerful, he stirred and stuffed her all the while he was talking. The lady found herself caught; she'd been very far from expecting this: she was fucked at least ten times over, so vigorous was her opponent. At last, released, she gasped: "My stars! what a man!" "I am indeed an uncommon one," said he; "and when both you and your daughter shall have had to do with me, of your own accord you'll go scouting after mistresses for me. I am excessively demanding." The lady, who was fond of love-sport, blushed to the eyes with anticipation and pleasure. She was exploited every day while they waited for that upon which the wedding was to be celebrated. When this day arrived, seriously worried about her virginal daughter's inexperience, she besought the tireless Fysistère to treat her gently. "Six times," he replied, "no more, provided you promise to receive me immediately afterwards or to give me the older of your nieces." "No, but I'll give you Géoline or Mariette, whichever of the two is more willing." On the evening of the wedding-day, Fysistère, although he had been furnishing Madame Linars regularly every night was on pins and needles with impatience to have at his bride. Immediately after the supper, he picked her up like a feather, bore her to the marital couch, and attacked her without

further ceremony. She uttered dreadful screams. The mother, alarmed, ran in with Géoline in tow at the very moment Fysistère, largely unconcerned about the young woman's groans, was preparing to begin afresh. The mother let him finish, then, heeding her daughter's urgent pleas, she took her from the bed to wash out the blood and semen with which her wounded cunt was brimming. No sooner were they gone from the room than Fysistère laid hands on Géoline and raped her despite her loud remonstrances. He repeated his prodigious performance four or five times; she took advantage of an interval to break away from him; but Fysistère threatened Madame Linars, saying that if she did not offer herself in her daughter's place, he'd torment Adelaide till daybreak. The lady was tired; she went in search of Mariette whom she locked into the nuptial chamber; Fysistère violated her and kept his seat until he'd discharged four times. Then he allowed her to get some sleep.

"The next morning he soothed the young domestics' injured feelings and even won them over by awarding each of them an income of twelve hundred pounds a year, but they insisted upon having the following night off. That evening, Fysistère reencunted his new wife six times; she was beginning to conceive somewhat of a taste for the game; then, her mother rested, was in her turn reamed clean and dry six times in a row; and that sufficed the man with the tail. Came the evening of the third day. He reencunted his wife only once, for she begged quarter; after her, he had Géoline six times, then Mariette five, which made the round dozen he was accustomed to. The fourth night: he had his wife once, his mother-in-law four times, Géoline three, Mariette four; twelve all told. And so it went for two months. 'But, my dear boy!' Madame Linars exclaimed, 'you're wearing yourself out! What is the good of doing it so often?' 'My aim is to beget children: I intend to populate an

island in the Indies where the men of my race originally come from. When I find you are pregnant, I'll cease tuppering you, you'll bring me other women, expecially your daughters and your nieces, because the blood in your family is distinguished. Every member of it you bring me will receive an annuity of six thousand pounds; I'll give only twelve hundred for those not of your line.' Madame Linars was amazed at this proposition, but she was tempted by the six thousand pounds for her daughters and nieces. Six weeks later, Madame Linars, the bride and the two servants, Géoline and Mariette were all pregnant; Fysistère declared he'd have nothing more to do with them until after they'd given birth, and he pressed Madame Linars to bring him her nieces and two of her other daughters. She was obliged to consent. She led them in herself, after having fully explained what was expected of them, and she assisted at their deflowering, quieting their fears and stilling their cries by her words and caresses. 'My reasonable child,' she said to Lucie who was lying on her back and bearing readied for the opration, ' 'tis pleasant indeed to have six thousand pounds a year . . . that comes to five hundred a month,' she added while pommading her; 'think of it! Five hundred all for yourself!' and she directed the stout device into her crack; although a virgin, the lovely Lucie made no outcry thanks to her mother's sustained and effective prattle. Then up stepped Annette, the second; her aunt exhorted her, pommaded her, inserted an index finger as deep as possible into her cunt, so as to clear the way. She introduced the member into the thus readied trick. Nevertheless, once perforated, Annette uttered shrill cries, but they had not the slightest effect upon Fysistére whose hairy tail, quivering with animation, Madame Linars was stroking. 'Ah, mother dear,' said he to her, 'get on top of me and bury it in your cunt, you'll find it is agreeable.' She did so and was so delighted she

called in her eldest daughter and the two servants to procure them the same pleasure.

"Annette having been sufficiently often encunted and pleading for respite, Géoline took her away to wash the blood and sperm from her muddied gem, and Madame Linars went in quest of Sophie, her second oldest daughter. Adelaide refused to submit to a skewering, so Géoline popped the tail into her cunt. Sophie moaned very little when exposed to the initial onslaught; she gave back a few blows during the two succeeding ones, even though she was bleeding. Géoline scraped herself with the tail through the whole séance. Fysistère had discharged a mere nine times; he had still three more shots in his chamber. Julie was sent for: she was the third daughter and seventeen years old. Her mother oiled her, which did not prevent her from screeching, since she was very narrowly constructed. Neither Julie nor her cousin took significant pleasure in coitus for the first fortnight. Lucie was impregnated at once, three days later Sophie was too, but they held their tongues, and went on tasting pleasure, which they were fond of. As for Julie and Annette, three months passed before they became pregnant, Annette warming herself with the tail while Julie weathered the prick's attacks.

"When it became plainly evident that the four beauties' bellies were laden, Madame Linars was required to supply her three last daughters and a first cousin, named Naturelle Linars. They were surrendered, both Justine and Aglaé, and so was Emilie, although only fourteen: they were all deflowered in a single night, notwithstanding their screams and the damage sustained by their delicate machinery. Naturelle was twenty-one: here was a superb morsel the man with the tail had kept in store for the end of the feast. She was impregnated straight off, and the three others, young though they were, did not get through the month empty-

bellied; they were stuffed, each of them, three times a night, but whether because they lacked spirit or zest, or because they were too narrowly made, they suffered upon every encounter and were thoroughly delighted when they were pronounced gravid.

"The tailed man was mightily pleased with himself: to date, he had fecundated fourteen females who held out the promise of at least fourteen children. 'Twas at this period Madame Linars gave birth to a girl; a month later, Adelaide, or Madame Betoiled, also brought a girl into the world, then Géoline and Mariette each produced a boy and Annette and Lucie each a daughter. All six wished to nurse their offspring, and so they were packed off to an estate in the vicinity of Seignelai, considerably removed from the main-traveled roads in the Yonne, but situated by a little stream called the Serin.

"What with some of them nursing children and others in confinement, Fysistère needed new women. He asked Madame Linars' permission to fecundate his three earliest concubines—Madame Guac, her sister Doucette and the Carmelite whose hysterics had quieted down since her childbirth—; the good woman agreed most heartily, for she was having a difficult time finding fecundable material for her son-in-law. She had already cast an appraising eye upon the four least ugly maidens in the village and even upon a fifth, the prettiest of them all, a married woman who had had no success in attempting to get a child by her husband. Madame Linars had virtually won them all over by means of the twelve hundred pounds per year, but she was not yet sure of their discretion.

"The three concubines were summoned to headquarters; they arrived late the same evening and were all three placed in a huge bed large enough to accomodate five. Fysistère lay down in the midst of his harem; he palpated them all, then selected Madame Guac, the most voluptuous, and fucked

her furiously three times over. He next fastened upon Doucette, whose timid sighs and little moans transformed his prick into a pile-driver. Leaving her, he sprang upon Victoire, whom he drenched with six copious outpourings in succession; she assured him she had got over her illness and besought him to distribute his blessings impartially amongst the three of them. He agreed.

"On the morrow, Madame Linars, who had overheard everything that had happened during the night, enquired of the three kins-women how they had come to belong to Fysistère. 'We shall tell you our story,' replied Madame Guac; 'it will surely strike you as an odd one and will also give you a clear idea of our common husband. He has a strange nature.' Madame Linars was nothing if not eager to hear the story, but she pointed out that it would also be relished by Fysistère's twelve other wives. Madame Guac fancied it would be indeed and so Madame Linars convoked Adelaide, Sophie, Julie, Justine, Algaé, Emilie, Lucie, Annette, Géoline, Naturelle and Mariette; all took seats and prepared to listen to the lovely Madame Guac, who spoke in the presence also of her sister Doucette and of Victoire, the former Carmelite nun."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

The Insatiable Wench

Men have always desired me. When I was but eight, a laborer doing carpentry in the house took hold of my gem and as I uttered no protest, he niched his member between my thighs, bade me squeeze them together, and inundated my legs with his seminal liquor. I reported all this to my mother. She washed my buttocks and caused a row about that carpenter and finally had him sacked. — This beginning indicated that my story will be rather free. But one must be sincere.

" 'At ten, my father, untrousered, would have me sit naked on his bare thighs, make his member go to and fro between my legs like the clapper in a bell and when well-warmed he used to go off to stuff my mother, or a young and petulant creature who was her sister, or my governess. At thirteen there was a cottonlike fluff on my gem; 'twas so pretty my father would come and lick it at night while I slept. Then came the time when he felt my flanks heave in sympathy with the movements of his tongue: he knew I was enjoying the sport: his tongue probed further and I discharged . . . immediately, my father got upon me, sucked my burgeoning little titties, posed his member at the entrance to my little cuntlet, and gummed my cottony hair with his sperm . . . After that, he washed me clean with rose-water. When I was fifteen, a young man, my seamstress' brother, grasped my cunt with his hand while I chanced to be looking out the window; he sought to tickle my clitoris with his finger, but hurt me and I gave him a slap.

" 'My father, obliged now to exercize prudence,

had given up sitting me bare-assed on his knees and making me discharge by licking my cunt ... he would cease his activities as soon as I gave the first sign of awaking; but as even then I had pretty feet and as Monsieur Dardevit, like every man of sensibility, had the most emphatic weakness for such charms, he ordered my shoes from a skillful shoemaker, the same one who was employed to make my mother's and the Marquise de Marigny's; my lecherous father would only present a new pair to me when I paid him a visit: he would have me put them on with cotton stockings, have me walk about for him, have me stand near the window or upon a stool so as to display my legs to better advantage, and then he would kiss them; next, he would have me sit down, would take off one of my slippers, plunge his prick into it, have me rub his balls with my other and shod foot, and would heave deep sighs. Then he would knock on the floor; upon hearing the signal, Madame Mezières, the neighbor downstairs, would come up, take off my remaining shoe or slipper, and lie down on her back. He would raise her petticoats and go into her, meanwhile having me lift my skirt to my knees and stand so that he could see my reflection in a mirror. "Your father's doing to me what he dare not do to you," Madame Mezières used to say, "because you are his daughter; but you're the one who stiffens his prick, you know ... Ah, if you were to show him your pretty little cunt, how he'd jump! what wonderful blows of his prick he'd aim into my cunt!" Touched by her pleas, I'd often hoist my skirts and exhibit a downy, silky-haired cunt my father considered exquisite: I could tell that it pleased him, for the sight would inspire him and he'd charge with redoubled fury into the lady's trick. Leaving her, he'd himself put my shoes back on, but Mezières prevented him sometimes, and, raging with lust, she'd push me onto the bed, lick my cunt, and into hers thrust the toe of either my slipper or shoe,

wielding it like a godemiche. While this was going on, my father would gently fondle my buttocks or my breasts. "You'll fuck her, you bugger," said Madame Mezières, "you'll depucelate her, you'll get her pregnant, you'll have to marry her ..." These oft-repeated remarks led me finally to ask my father's leave to marry.

" 'I had an uncle, my aunt's husband; the stairway leading to their apartment was poorly lit; one day as I was climbing up, my uncle followed me; when halfway up, he slid his hand beneath my skirts and laid hold of what he called my cunt; I started in fright. "Keep still," said he; "do you want to raise the roof?" I fell silent and he fingered my cunt, his one hand straying now and again to my asshole, his other fastened securely on my breasts; he put his member into my hand, had me squeeze it, swore softly and while sucking my nipples, discharged between my fingers.

" 'I was blushing furiously when we entered my aunt's apartment, but I said nothing. My uncle kept a stern eye fixed upon me and when I set out for home, he said he would accompany me thither. "You are going to marry soon," said he; "I have someone suitable in mind for you. But only I can persuade your father to agree to the match, and I'll persuade him upon condition you let me stuff you just three times before the wedding once the alliance has been made a certain thing." "Stuff me? With what?"—I played the innocent, although I had witnessed my father cavorting with Mezières. We were in a obscure little alley. He brought his prick forth out of his breeches and grasped my cunt. "This, and into what I'm holding." I edged away, but said nothing. We were not far from my father's door; I broke away from my uncle and ran home; no one was at home. I waited for my father to arrive.

" 'Alone with my own thoughts, I resolved to sound my father out on the question of my marry-

ing; he appeared and I was less restrained with him than usual: when kissing him, I placed my lips not upon his cheek but upon his mouth. He was delighted with that; I darted my tongue into his mouth, just as I had seen Mezières do it; he put his hands between my thighs, but not under my skirts ... I abandoned myself, saying: "I want to marry /.. and you'll be well-caressed, you may be sure, if you give your consent ..." "With all my heart, upon one condition: have you someone in view?" "My uncle has. I've never seen him however." "Very well. 'Tis then no passing fancy on your part ... I'd better give you a cunt-licking, it should seem to me ..." "A what?" "I'll lick you there," he explained, putting a hand upon my gem. I pouted. "Now, now, be a clever girl. Take this soft sponge and wash yourself throughly. Scrub that pretty growth of fine hair down there, and the inside too. You'll find this enjoyable, believe me—you'll feel very silly for having been reluctant." He gently sucked my little nipples while my cuntlet, my buttocks and my rosebud were swimming in a rinse of luke-warm water.

" 'My impassioned father afforded me no time to pause and consider; as soon as I'd dried myself, he lay me down upon the bed, raised my clothing above my waist, and applied his mouth to my crack, into which he inserted his tongue, licking energetically until, after fifteen minutes of this, I gave out hints of an impending discharge. Observing I was on the verge of an ejaculation, my father got up and returned with a large lump of butter which he put into my cunt, and then inserted his prick after it, causing me considerable pain; he squirmed and shoved, I discharged; such was my pleasure that I squirmed and shoved too despite my sufferings. Fortunately, my father's prick was not excessively stout, but it was long: he gave me the most complete pleasure, for he tickled the bottom of my womb and because I was very narrow

there, he filled my cunt just as if I'd had a stallion's member between my cunt-lips: and that was how I lost my maidenhead.

" 'While he was at work washing my cunt, I besought my father not to delay giving his approval, which I did not want to owe to my uncle's intervention, and explained why. "Ah, ha!" said my father, "so that's it! Don't let that bugger stick you, my dear. His prick's huge, he'll widen you noticeably, whereas I'll not harm things: your future husband, or any other of your fuckers, will swear you are a maid." I promised I'd not grant my uncle what he was after. "Oh, but you can amuse him all the same, you know. Frig him when he reaches for your cunt. You might even let him embugger you if he appears willing to be content to go no further." "How does one do that?" "Embuggery? I'll show you." and he embuggered me; it pleased me, for I discharged. "As for my consent," my father resumed, "send your suitor to see me: if he's the ugly rascal of a fellow I'm thinking of, you'll not be wild about him and ... well, that's enough." Highly pleased, I returned to my uncle's; his wife and he introduced me to their protege, a sort of mulatto they presented as a Monsieur Guac.

" 'That same day I had a very spirited interview with Monsieur Guac; during it, he did his level best to get at my cunt. His ugliness and stupidity did not repel me, since my uncle and aunt had forewarned me that he was no beauty but nevertheless most popular with women; this intrigued me. I informed him that my father was not opposed to me marrying; would he have the kindness to pay him a call? Indeed he would and he asked me to take him to my home: we agreed to confront my father the following day at noon.

" 'We arrived at a moment when my father was about to leave the house; Guac had fondled my ass upon the stairs and had engaged me to fist his prick, which put a glowing color in my cheeks; I

was radiant; I presented Guac as my fiancee; his dreadful face, his mean appearance caused my father to smile and dispelled all his jealousy. "My children," he said, "I have some urgent business to aetend to; it shan't take long. Please await my return." He left; when we were alone, Guac said to me: "From his tone it seems as though he'll keep his word to you and say yes." "I believe he will, for he never hides his reaction if something displeases him." "My beloved," Guac went on, his black eyes glinting with pleasure and lust, "allow me to put it in you here, right now, on your father's bed; do let me." I thought it a fine idea: after all, I had already been depucelated and, furthermore, my gem had been itching me furiously ever since my father had perforated it; however, I replied: "Oh my, no! What if Father were to come in? and he'll be back soon." "Why, when he sees you being screwed, he'll do nothing if not hasten your marriage."

" 'He lowered me upon the bed, I resisted feebly, clumsily; he thrust his prick between my cunt-lips, then pushed ... but could not advance, even though he interrupted his struggles to wet the head of his device. He increased his efforts which resulted in his loosing a bucket of sperm all over my pubic hair, my belly and my thighs.

" 'I slipped away to wash myself. "Indeed, you are very thoroughly a virgin, 'tis clear," said he, putting his clothes back in order. While wiping and drying myself, from out of the corner of my eye I glimpsed my father in a hiding-place. I pretended not to have noticed. An instant after I returned to Guac, that cunning father of mine entered the room. Guac requested my hand in marriage; my father answered that he would allow me to make my own choice; he signed the documents. He then told Guac that he would like to have a talk with me and that he would conduct me to my aunt's—he wished also to speak to her—; we would all meet there.

Guac left.

" 'Have you been fucked!" my father demanded directly Guac had gone. He seized my cunt and drew me towards him. "Have you, eh?" "You saw very plainly that I have not been." "Where did he discharge? upon the hair . . . some of it get between the lips?" "Yes." "Good enough. That will sometimes suffice to impregnate. You've nothing more to fear. Go visit him in his lodgings and give him a free rein. Between now and then I might just as well dig the ditch a little deeper." Aided by a large spoonful of butter, he penetrated me with some ease, and repeated the operation three times, excited by what he had just been watching and because I was extremely well shod in new silk slippers. I discharged three times within each encuntage: that totaled nine. My fa+her affirmed I was a mettlesome, high spirited girl and that I should turn into a good fuckeress; I washed with care and he took me to my aunt's.

" 'We found Guac there upon our arrival; my appetite was rather whetted than satisfied by my father's tripple stuffing. Said I to my fiance: "Go to your place; I'll join you there, for I wish to have a conversation with you." He dashed off. My father spoke to my aunt, suggesting that the wedding-day be advanced: he feared, from the manner in which I had discharged, that I might become pregnant because of him and at the same time he desired that it happen; but at any rate I had to marry. My aunt went out with him.

" 'I too was about to leave, in order to let Guac essay a complete encuntage, when my uncle appeared, I was in such a sweat of lust that I was by no means sorry to see him, even though he did not please me personally. He turned the key in the lock and approached. "So you are going to marry? Well then, come along, let's have a look at the goods that are to be made over to him. You know, Guac has such a large prick he's likely to damage you lest

we loosen things a little." This observation convinced me I ought to yield. He seized me. "Leave me, leave ..." I pronounced in a weak voice; my uncle paid no attention and seeing I was not going to cry out or scratch, he bore me to the bed, had up my clothes and directed his prick into my vagina. I feigned self-defense, but managed simultaneously to facilitate matters. He hurt me, I did indeed moan, and observing that my complaints were of some aid to him I began to scream at the top of my lungs, which brought him trembling in to the hilt, causing me such pleasure that my groans were those of ecstasy; I struggled fiercely, but my cunt hugged his thick member; my body thrashed, my ass heaved with such fine effect that I discharged with terrible convulsions and my cunt contracted so tightly that it pinched my uncle's gland. He bellowed ... and half fainted from pleasure. "You fuck damned bloody well for a virgin! What will you not be able to accomplish in time! Let's begin again ..." He had at me three times in all, heedless of my tears—for I thought it wise to weep. When he had had his fill, he decunted. "Oh celestial fuckery!" he exclaimed, "were your cunt's merits more generally known, it would make you your fortune." "Yes, you have given me an excellent start," I answered between sobs. He unlocked the door, emptied the bidet containing a mixture of water, blood and fuck, then, fearing his wife's return, he went out, saying: "You owe me your thanks: without that preparation, Guac would have disemboweled you. Come see me again if I can be of further help."

" 'This kind of language neither surprised nor upset me; as soon as he had gone, I dried my tears and adopted an air of perfect gaiety. My aunt returned; I notified her of her husband's attack, but omitted to mention its success: my aim was to encourage her to expedite my marriage. I begged her to say nothing to my fiance of what had tran-

spired, pointing out that this might lead him to change his mind. I promised always to protect my virtue with the same dauntless courage which had just animated me, and while I was speaking in this vein the itch returned to my cunt; I asked to be excused, left the apartment and raced to Guac's hoping that, prepared as I was, he'd drive it home this time. He was awaiting me. "I have a quantity of things to tell you," I began; but he did not allow me to continue further. He made for my cunt. "We'll fuck first of all," quoth he, guiding me onto my back. His impetuosity rather relieved me, for, in truth, I had nothing new to say to him. I put up a calculatedly awkward resistance as I had with my uncle and my father, but enlarged though I was, his attempts were in vain. I dared not tell him to resort to butter; that would have struck him as no virgin's advice. I waited for the idea to occur to him; it didn't. "You're devilishly mint in there," he muttered, rolling me over on my belly and spitting into my asshole. Wherewith, by dint of an unheard-of effort, he hammered his engine into that small orifice. I emitted ghastly shrieks, but he held me in such a grip while embuggering me that I was unable to budge; I endeavored to reply to his buffets in order to minimize my suffering and hasten the denouement, and my bouncing ass did bring an end to the drama. That member in my ass seemed to have the proportions of a siege-gun's barrel; to feel it withdraw was a not unpleasant sensation. "You're worth your weight in gold, even bumwise; excellent." Then he asked my pardon. "Your lovely cunt, your lovely ass, your white breasts were driving me out of my mind; unable to encunt you, I embuggered you, in despair, as it were: forgive me, my dear creature. I have all sorts of plans for recompensing your stirling behaviour." My ass hurting, Guac dipped it in warm water, then he kissed it, licked it also, occasionally running his tongue as far around as my cunt. He had stiffened

anew, but I wished to leave. He was obliged to bring me home in a carriage: to walk caused me pain, but the carriage afforded him an opportunity to frig me while he sniffed one of the shoes he had removed from my feet and into which he finally discharged a full pint of fuck. Delirious with pleasure, "My queen," said he, "my prick is over-large for you; pick out some handsome young lad by whom to be depucelated and I'll find a way to arrange everything without compromising you." The suggestion appealed to me; Guac got out and carried me into the house; I went to bed; the pangs in my asshole diminished and then vanished with sleep.

" 'The next day I went to my father and related everything Guac had done and said to me. "Good," he commented; "You are a fiery creature: you'll be fucked forwards and backwards and orally too and you'll adore it. You shall be married within a week's time. Between now and then I'll find you a more sturdily furnished fucker than I. For the time being, I intend to put it in you. Impossible to give so pretty a cunt too many stretchings." My father encunted me thrice. "And still a maid, damn my eyes!" said he. "But that awful uncle of mine," I protested, "with his massive prick, has already raped me upon three occasions." "Three!" my father exclaimed. "What the devil kind of a cunt could God have given you! You could be sold a thousand times over as a virgin . . . Here, I'd better refuck you . . ." and he refucked me.

" 'While I was rinsing my cunt with warm water, my father had gone to the window and was chatting with a young solicitor, his next-door neighbor, a strapping handsome buck of thirty. My cunt washed, I went to have a peep, raising the curtain, but having been observed by the young man, I withdrew. "Who is that heavenly creature?" he enquired. My father replied with a casual gesture which was probably meant to signify that I was his

mistress. He was still gesturing when the solicitor took his leave. My father spoke to me at once. "How would you like that lad to put it in you? He'd pay." "Oh Father!" "Call me Sir in front of him." There was a knock, my father answered the door and I heard him ask in a low voice: "You brought it?" "Here you are. Fifty *louis*." "Mademoiselle," my father thereupon said to me, "you know that I love you for what you are. This young man, one of my very best friends, has come to make you a present; I am going out now; show him that you are capable of expressing your gratitude." My father concealed himself; the solicitor fancied he had left.

" 'Have you been fucked today?" he enquired, coming up to me and grasping my breasts. I slapped his face. "Monsieur," I said, "we are in my father's house." "You are ... Mademoiselle." "Quite, Sir, and am to be married next week." "A marriage that would be of interest or one born of affection?" "Having learned of my attachment, my father met my fiancé and discovered him monstrous; being a thoughtful father, he undertook to have me prepared for what lies in store for me; I thought you a friend of his: I consented after having seen you." The solicitor fell to his knees, he begged my forgiveness a thousand times over. "Therefore behave properly," I continued. Wherewith he caressed me, I at last returned one of his kisses. He drew me to the bed; his prick belonged to the same category as my uncle's, but he was less adroit. I called out loudly for pommade. "My fiancé having once enticed me to his chambers, he shut and bolted the door and attempted to violate me," I explained; "unable to make any headway, he pommaded me ... and still had no luck. But pommade me nonetheless." While saying this to him, his fumbling efforts caused me to discharge; I sighed ecstatically, panting. My father mistook these sounds for those of pain; he emerged from

hiding, pommaded me and guided my fucker's prick into my cunt. "Thrust," he said to me, "lift your ass, squeeze him in your arms, for every blow your depucelator gives you, reply with one of your flanks, lock your legs around his body and tighten them as you move about; good, that's it ... excellent! ... jump, my dear, throw caution to the winds ..." "Great God! ... what pleasure," exclaimed my fucker, "how narrow her cunt is ... how deliciously she moves under me ..." I darted my tongue into his mouth, murmuring: "My heart ... my beloved ... I adore you ..." "Ah, the dear little thing ... what tenderness ... I'm discharging ... fucking her..." "Oh, Father, he's fucking me! ... do all men then fuck this way! ... ah, Father, what joy! ... my soul is going to flow out of the hole ... he is in ..." I discharged, my whole body becoming rigid. "The little princess!" expostulated the solicitor, "look at her come! ... My good man, give her to me to be my wife: I've depucelated her, I'll marry her!"

" 'My father, who had his own designs upon me, refused; as a result the solicitor flew into a rage, hurled himself back into my hole and fucked me eighteen times: my father was obliged to pluck him off my belly and convey him home, for he was unable to walk. As for myself, I was hardly out of breath. Once I'd washed my cunt and refreshed it, I felt as good as new. Upon my father's return, seeing he was deeply moved by the sight of my naked bubs, I told him that if he was stiff, he might as well satisfy himself by fucking me two or three times. "What a scene that was!" he gasped, "but you have a pititless cunt and a ferocious taste for the game. Your cunt and taste will make our fortune. Let's see if you can discharge again, my dearie ... let's have it! ..." And while encunting me he praised me highly for having avowed I was his daughter and given that slap to the solicitor. "Fuckers," he observed, "have a certain disdain

for the fucked, but in your case it shall be the contrary; I'd like to put you above those buggers—" "I'm discharging!" I cried. "And so am I" said he, shaking me with his thumpings. He reencunted twice over and I matched his discharges, indeed, I outdistanced him. "I believe I'd work ten men dry," I said as I washed. I asked him to advise my fiancé of what had to be done in order justly to encunt me; I shot my tongue into his mouth, smiled and left.

" 'I had been fucked twenty-five times in the course of the day, seven by my own father. I returned to my seller's house, but every man upon whom my glance stopped tempted me. How happy whores must be! I thought, they accost whomever they please. All of a sudden an idea popped into my head: I'll go to see Guac, I'll tell him to pommade me; let him cleave me in two, no matter so long as he fucks me! I quickened my pace.

" 'He was with an attractive young man whom he told to hide directly he heard my footsteps approach—but I saw the young man through the keyhole. Guac received me with a mysterious air and led me into the half-lit room where I'd seen him conceal his visitor. "My darling, my beloved wife-to-be," he began, "I believe I might stuff you today; you need but give evidence of some complaisance ..." "To be sure ... but don't overlook the pommade ... my aunt ..." "I understand ..." I felt him turn me over to some gentler hands; someone seized my breasts, my cunt, a tongue insinuated itself into my mouth; I replied with caresses; a hand lifted my skirts, I advanced my cunt prettily. A body got upon me; I felt a lump of butter being inserted into the entrance of my cunt, another into my rosebud. There was a push, I responded, to my astonishment, I sensed virtually no pain at all. Finally, the invading prick reached the depths of my womb—still no pain—and now a discharge ... the abundance and sweet warmth of

the fuck brought words to my lips; with an incredible pleasure, with wildest transports I cried: "Dearest lover ... divine lover ... I am expiring from happiness and voluptuousness ... I adore you! ... The young man decunted: he sucked my nipples, my lips, had me stick forth my tongue; then, without a moment's delay, he reencunted me furiously; I had as much pleasure this second time as before; to be brief, he did it again and again, incessantly, and it was Guac who took him away at last—for my part, already fucked twenty-five times that day, I believe I could have stood at least another twenty-five with these two men simultaneously, if both of them had been able to stuff me. Guac, noticing that I was having difficulty walking, sent for a cab while I rinsed out my cunt. "Well, my charming queen," quoth he, "have you been satisfactorily fucked?" I blushed. "Far from being tired," he pursued, "I'm dying to fit my shaft in your asshole." "Oh no, no, you mustn't!" I cried, alarmed. "As you like, my dearie. But you will frig me a little, won't you? Frig me with both hands, just as you are there with your ass in the bidet." I frigged his heavy member, so bulky I could barely get my hands around it; when fuck was about to spurt forth, he fell to shouting with pleasure. "Your mouth," he roared, "your mouth, else I'll dip it in your ass!" I slipped the foreskin clear of the gland, pressed the latter between my lips; the fuck spurted forth. Fearing lest it spill on my bubs, I opened my mouth and a torrent of fuck shot down my gullet. I swallowed it as one would a draught of good ale ... a right copious tankard of ale, and warm. "Fuck! fuck!" howled Guac, "I'm getting dizzy ... ah, celestial slut ... you're worth more than all the rest of the women in the world ... Is it good, the drink? What causes so much pleasure coming out must surely be good going in. Ah, divine whore! I'll feed you a diet of that stuff!"

" 'The cab arrived at the door. Guac carried me

out—I'd been fucked for the thirty-seventh time that day.

" 'My aunt's brother was alone in the house when I reached it. "Mademoiselle Convelouté," he complained, "you are cruel to me . . . I hear you are preparing to marry. It would seem to me you ought to favor a young man who adores you rather than this fiancé of yours who is ugly and a widower; you are a virgin and so extremely lovely! What is more, he's very thickly equipped—so at least your uncle has given me to understand—and he'll certainly hurt you. What if a more youthful prick were to ready you for your marital career? Look at it"—and he fetched out a truly charming prick—; " 'tis a real maidenhead-tickler, and it'll never give you so much as a twinge of regret. I know my business, Mademoiselle. My sister's husband has a nervous devise and is very quick on the trigger, and she has the good sense to call me in now and then to clean the cobwebs out of her trick."

" 'This language pleased me and the prick I was staring at looked inviting. "I, however," I replied, "have no cobwebs to be swept out." He saw from my manner that I was in a cheery mood, and laid hands on my breasts. "Have done, libertine," I said coaxingly, retreating in no great haste before his advances. His hand reached my cunt. "Oh, indeed! have done, this is too much." His breeches lay on the floor, his prick was nodding in the air . . . he deposited me upon his sister's bed, cleared away my clothes and got aboard me, whilst I said nonchalantly: "Ha, Sirrah! You are then capable of resorting to violence?" and I defended myself in a way intended to further his ends.

" 'Ah heavenly girl, innocent thing, lamb, I'm stuffing my prick into your fleece." In it went. I replied by twitching my ass in a feigned attempt to avoid what I desired, and managed to swallow two more inches of sausage. "No," he cried, opening the sluices, "no, nothing can be compared to encunted

innocence!" However, fearing lest I get away, he thrice renewed his attacks without once decunting —that brought the day's total to forty—and did not leave me until he heard the approach of footsteps; I ran off to wash.

" 'It was my aunt; she said to her brother; "Fortunately you're with Miss Convelouté. Anyone else would have lost her nerve before the possibility of an interruption. Tell me, did you attack her?" "I did." "Well then I suppose you're about done in; come here, I'll comfort you." There was still some oil left in his lamp; the young man bolted the door, thus encloseting the three of us, and then sprang upon his sister whom he penetrated in a trice. Great heavens, how her flanks heaved! "Stuff it deep!" she exhorted him, "I'm getting ready to discharge, fuck me, dig deeper yet, hug me, fuck me, gouge me, fuck me blue in the face!" I watched them ... revived by the spectacle, my insatiable cunt was starting to yearn for a prick when a soft knock was heard at the door. I hoped it would be a cousin of my aunt who had for a long time been eager to put it in me, and I was determined to push him into an adjoining room and satisfy his ambition; but no, 'twas a handsome youth who looked very much like the young man Guac had had fuck me a little earlier in the day.

" ' "Mademoiselle," he began, "your name is Aglaé Convelouté?"

" ' "It is, Monsieur."

" ' "Mademoiselle is the fiancé of Monsieur Guac?"

" ' "That is correct."

" ' "Do you greatly love that gentleman?"

" ' "Sir, reason rather than passion makes for a wise marriage."

" ' "In that case, Mademoiselle, it shall cause you no distress if I reveal a secret to you."

" ' "And what secret would that be?"

" ' "This: a short while ago you supposed it was

your fiancé who was possessing you—"

" ' "What tales are you bearing hither, Monsieur? Indeed—"

" ' "I was there, but hidden out of sight, Mademoiselle. His battleaxe being unable to cleave you, he sold me your maidenhead for one hundred *louis*: I deflowered you, no other. Might you prefer me to him?"

" ' "But can all this you tell me be possible?"

" ' " 'Tis the truth; his member is too thick; one was just inserted into you. It was mine." (I knew all this perfectly well.) "There is but one thing to say," he pursued; "will you marry me?"

" ' "Ah, can you marry me?" I demanded in my turn.

" 'He hesitated. "Mademoiselle, I am already married—to an old crone of seventy-eight. She bestowed her fortune upon me. I am obliged to wait until she dies."

" ' "And were I to become pregnant, Monsieur? No; I shall wed Monsieur Guac."

" ' "Do you wish to be my mistress?"

" ' "That would not, I think, suit me."

" ' "But with his consent?"

" ' "Do you then have his consent? Why then," said I, "since you have had me once already, and since he agrees to the thing, I'll do as you like provided he is not told that I know of his agreeing."

" ' "Splendid! this signifies your correctness and honesty. Are you presently alone?"

" ' "No, my aunt is here."

" ' "Could I have you tonight, after dinner?"

" ' "Gracious! I should never be able to creep out of the house . . . unless I were to give the excuse I was going to look after my father, supposing that he was ill . . . but he isn't ill. No, it's out of the question."

" ' "With your permission I shall go and have a talk with your father; I am wealthy; better that I

should give to you rather than to that poor wretch Guac the price of your favors."

" ' "Very well, speak to my father."

" ' "I'll come back to fetch you if he honors my request."

" ' "But don't come back alone; I want to hear his decision from the lips of one of his servants."

" ' "As you wish. Be easy."

" 'He repaired to my father's house; he related how Guac, unable to depucelate me himself, had sold my maidenhead to him for one hundred *louis*, which sum was in payment for four seances; a quarter of the total was already in Guac's hands. He told as well how he had encunted after pommading me; how he had found my gem delicious and so satin-like that he wanted no other; how he had asked to go to bed with me and how it had been by my advice he had addressed himself to my father. He then offered the balance of the fixed price: seventy-five *louis* for the three remaining nights. "Since Guac wanted to be a cuckold," my father answered him, "so be it, I agree, Monsieur that you sleep with my daughter if you were the one who plucked her rose—and she will verify that —; go bring her here; I'll give you a note for her." He wrote a short message, then accompanied my beau as far as the door of my aunt's house, within which she was still being fucked by her brother.

" 'Meanwhile, I was enjoying myself watching the amorous strife progress on the bed; I was all afire when the young man reappeared, my father's note in hand; through the window I caught sight of the latter: he was waiting in my pretended depucelator's carriage. I left the house, saying I was going to keep my sick father company. When we arrived, the galant ordered a fine supper brought in and handed twenty-five *louis d'or* to the cashier. We ate, we drank, then I was tucked into bed; the young man demanded that my father undress me and wash my cunt; he himself in a flash removing

every stitch he was wearing, he donned an out-sized nightshirt he had brought along: this garment permitted him greater freedom of movement. He summoned my father to insert his prick in the entrance of my cunt; that done, he pushed; and he had no less trouble now than previously at Guac's. This surprised me. He remarked to my father: "Her cunt is really tight: she'd grow a new hymen in a week if she were left alone." He fucked me six times. My father, lying next to us, each time inserted his blade into the scabbard. Soon after, my fucker fell asleep and I did also; the following morning he had chocolate brought in. I felt refreshed and refused the offer of his coach when he proposed to take me home to my aunt's in it.

" 'For it was not to my aunt's I wished to go. I had heard it said that fuck swallowed warm was excellent for the chest, fortifying it and whitening the tint of the skin; I wanted to quaff off a goodly dose of it, and my thoughts focused on sucking Guac's prick. As soon as I was free, I dashed to his lodgings and found him getting ready to go out. "I've come to give you some pleasure," I said, "but shall not take any, for yesterday you wearied me dreadfully." "Well, my dear, what's on your mind? an embuggery, a little thigh-fuckery? a frotch between the shoulder-blades or under the armpit? I can contrive to squirt into your ear, upon your neck, between your bubs if you'll squeeze 'em, over your navel, between your calves—if it's your calves, you'll have to squeeze them too—, or would you like me to glove my prick in one of your slippers? . . . you have only to ask and I shall do anything for you, save encunt you . . . we seem rather a mismatch in that sense, but . . ." Instead of replying to this harangue, which was pure Greek to me, I unbuttoned his fly and set to frigging him with one hand while, by instinct, I tickled his nuggets with the other. He began to howl with delight: "Goddess . . . bleeding sacred bitch . . . divine whore . . .

frig, frig, tickle . . . tickle my balls . . . oh! oh! what sensations! . . . buggeress, slut . . . tramp . . . whore . . . angelic creature . . . my fuck's coming!" Upon hearing this last exclamation I mouthed his large prick, rubbing the gland with my tongue. 'Twas then the good Guac hurled into a delirium, through a wealth of allusions gave evidence of a learning which only increased his stature in my eyes: "Fuck! . . . heavenly mouth! . . . Aphrodite's cunt, cunt of Cleopatra, Egypt's queen, encunted by Anthony, Lais' cunt, Aspasia's, Phryne's, the cunt of Dame Agnes Sorel, of Marion Delorme, of Ninon, of Madame d'Aubigne, of Mesdames la Valliere and Pompadour and Duthe and la Lange, of the pretty Marc, of the adorable and provocative Mezerai, of the youthful and naive Henry, you are as nought compared to this mouth! . . . I'm fucking . . . fucking . . . fucking-ing-ing . . . discharging . . . oh swallow it, swallow it! . . . gorge yourself on fuck, my empress!" and he spewed forth half a keg of it . . . I kept on pumping at the source. " 'Tis too much," he cried, "one dies of that sort of pleasure." He had me take some coffee to rinse my mouth . . . then I began to frig him anew. He sucked my nipples, my tongue and would have sucked my cunt; but I demurred, expecting to be fucked later that evening. He got stiff again, I shook and twiddled and stroked his machine, I tickled his spheres, more fuck appeared and I swallowed another brimming measure of it; and this happened a third time; mere lack of time forced us to separate.

" 'At nine that evening, a coach came to take me to my father's; there, we supped, fucked and slept as upon the previous night. On the morrow, after chocolate, I went to Guac's for my breakfast of fuck. Returning to my aunt's, her husband, probably having conferred with his wife's brother, was eager to put it in me; I gave him a firm refusal; he complained to his wife, who in turn reproached me, but once I had informed him that my fiancé had

stuffed me ten times in succession with my father as witness, she begged my pardon and advised her husband to wait his turn in line.

" 'I was to be called for that evening. Before going, my aunt whispered in my ear: "Try to avoid a fucking so that your uncle can put it in you tomorrow; he's dying to." I found my lover at my father's house. We talked of Guac during supper. My lover said that, having been encunted in his presence, I ought not fear becoming pregnant. "That," he added, "is why I headed straight in and discharged in the cellar." " 'Tis a great pleasure for me to put your prick in my daughter's cunt," my father remarked; "I enjoy thinking of the horns growing on that confounded and most dishonest Guac who had the temerity to sell your pucelage." "That is just what brings me to a boil when I fuck his fiancé," my galant affirmed; "one more antler on that bugger Guac's head—the very idea refills my balls no matter how often I've emptied them. It even occurred to me," he went on, "to give each of you fifty *louis* if you'd fuck together: the knave would thus be recornified and supercornute!" "Capital notion!" my father exclaimed, "very original indeed! After you've seen to your business, you can pop my prick into my daughter's cunt for me." "Oh no!" I cried; "gracious!" "You'll hold on to her if she appears recalcitrant—" "Those aren't my ideas," I told them "if I wiggle my ass the way I do when my lover fucks me, it is because I love him. As for Monsieur Guac, I have much to be grateful to him for: he is like a nurse to me, you know. One might even say he suckles me." Neither precisely caught my meaning; they led me to bed.

" 'My lover fucked me six times; upon the sixth, he said to my father: "that's it, my friend. Get aboard and fuck her; I'll insert the engine." My father climbed onto me; the young man slid his

prick into my cunt; Father pushed; as I was more fond of him than of any other living person, I put my flesh furiously into motion, doing as nobly as any princess fucking a page-boy; inspired by our frenetic activity, the young man waxed so violently hot upon beholding us discharge that he rolled us on our sides and embuggered me even while I was still encunted. I went to wash and then we three went to sleep.

" 'At breakfast the next morning, the young man seemed wild with joy. "Ah, by God! that one's been smartly cockolded!" he cried; "here, my good chap, here's the hundred *louis*. You'll really have to fuck her after she's married: I'll pay twenty-five *louis* per shot." He left and I hastened off to find Guac whom I was growing to love as much as I loved my father.

" 'He greeted me with rapture, calling me his divine slut, his heavenly whore. I milked out his fuck six times over, and this hurled me into such an erotic panic that I dashed away to locate my father. "Your solicitor," I panted, completely out of breath, "must surely have recuperated from his losses by now: I'm burning ... run fetch him, Father dear, if you love me!" He went, calling me Cleopatra; he found the young man outside the door, his erect prick in his fist. "I was standing here when a moment ago I saw your daughter enter and I am frigging myself in her honor," he explained. "Don't you do it, my boy, you've not a drop to waste; come back in with me and stuff her, if you, please." "Twenty-five *louis*—" "Nonsense. That's an outrageous price to charge a steady client; one louis per shot, that should be fair enough. But, who knows? she may earn the twenty-five from you after all." They entered the room where I was awaiting them; as he came in, the solicitor tossed his purse upon the foot of the bed. "Come, show your calves, girl," my father said heartily; "that many fucks, that many *louis*; but

you mustn't kill yourself, my little friend. He was frigging himself when I found him out on the sidewalk: he says he was thinking of you." Upon hearing this I cast my arms around his neck, thrust my tongue in his mouth, agitated, then withdrew it, and said: "Ah, dearest, most beloved friend! I adore you—" "And I you," he replied, fondling my breasts and cunt. I fell backwards, he fell on top of me, I plunged his prick into my cunt and in four heaves of my ass I felt him strike bottom; he discharged when he sensed that I was melting; he fucked me ten times. "I've credited you with fifteen *louis*," said my father as the solicitor cleaned himself and drew back on his breeches; "come back whenever you like."

" 'It was but two days before my scheduled wedding; Guac had nursed me every morning, and the effects of this new beverage were to whiten my skin, brighten my coloring, make my cunthair softer and fluffier, and to give me such violent penchants that I was not one minute at my ease unless I had a prick in my cunt. That morning, my solicitor said as we were taking breakfast: "Guac must be wondering what has become of me—we've not seen one another for a time—; perhaps he has conceived some erroneous ideas about my lovely fuckeress' cunt. Since the inflexible Agnes simply has got to marry, I'd like to buy her for the wedding night." I had repeated my intention to marry while we had been fucking, and my father had applauded me. But as he was accompanying me to Guac's, where I was to have my ration of milk that good father made the following observations:

" 'You are not the common sort of bride; what would slake almost anyone else's thirst is but a drop of fuck to you. I have an idea: I think I can arrange to provide you a feast for the day after tomorrow: I'll recruit a team of fuckers who'll work over you til you've had enough. Let me see. I'll begin the thing, then your uncle, the solicitor will

come next, then your aunt's brother and perhaps the neighborhood butcher; if I can find any stray buggers, they'll sodomize you—we'll say we are anxious to keep your maidenhead intact for the groom. 'Tis delightful to embugger a bride on her wedding-day; they'll all pay handsomely. I'll consult Guac and we'll make all the necessary preparations." We arrived before his door; transported with gratitude, I embraced my father and urged him to try to follow me into the house without being seen, for I wanted him to see me drinking my milk. I went in, he crept after me. Guac, his face wreathed in smiles, strode towards me unbuttoning his fly; he kissed my feet, legs, ass, cunt and bubs; I prodded his gullet with my tongue, and after that he entrusted his prick to my hands. I was busily stroking it in a lively manner when he said: "Wench, I'm a reasonable man. I don't encunt you but your father and uncle ought to fuck you on your wedding-day; I'll have three fresh pricks ready for our first night together ... one of them will be that which depucelated you ... Ah, the idea of you being encunted by your father is sure to make me release a pint of fuck—beware, here it comes, open your mouth wide! Come, wench, it's beginning to rise, get your lips around my prick ... ah!ah!ah! ... the bugger fucks his daughter ... your father is fucking you, slut ... fucking you, whore ... Ah, that divine image makes me discharge ... houah!"

" 'He nearly collapsed. During the obligatory interruption I went to bring my father from his hiding place. "Fuck me," I said, 'for 'tis essential to my fiancé's happiness." "Ah, goddess!" cried Guac, casting himself to his knees, "you commit incest for me, all for me?" He introduced the paternal device into me. "Jump, skip! Fling your ass hither and yon," he cried. "I'm dis-dis-discharging," I stammered; "come to me, my true love, let me frig you," Guac whinnied with pleasure as he

sensed the fuck rising in him; he stoppered my mouth the while my father fucked me, and at the same instant I swallowed fuck I received a quantity of it in my cunt and ejaculated my own. My father had fucked me four times and Guac had four times given me pap when there came a knock at the door. Guac answered it at once, while I hastily rinsed my mouth and cunt. It was my uncle, impeccably dressed as always.

" ' "You arrive just at the right moment," said Guac, welcoming him; "we are trying out my fiancée and need your help." Further explanations were contributed by my father. Guac stretched me out on the fucking-couch and my uncle encunted me: he detonated six charges; Guac launched six more into my mouth; after that I was given a moment to catch my breath. Subsequently, it was decided that a dozen fuckers would entertain me, one after the other, on my wedding-day: I'd present my ass or my cunt as a target, whichever I chose; Guac would enjoy the exclusive privilege of my mouth, during the night he would have me fucked by three new pricks—these he would choose. Awestruck, my uncle exclaimed: "But she'll be a whore!" "Quite so, and such she must be if I am to adore her. However, neither of you need complain about it since you two will be the only ones who'll have free use of her . . ." As he finished pronouncing these words, he prostrated himself before me, acknowledging me as his goddess.

" 'I went back to my aunt's; her brother was there. Both of them argued with me, both tried to persuade me to open my cunt. "Just once, dearie, before you are a married woman," wheedled my aunt. They redoubled their importunings. I yielded. She guided her brother's prick into my cunt. I was fucked only once, this being a frail fellow and his sister being eager to get stuffed directly he was done with me. And now it was my hand which directed the sibling and irresolute prick into her

blazing cunt. This operation concluded and indeed repeated, I bade them adieu and left the house; they wept to see me go. "One thing consoles me, since we must lose you: at least my husband and brother have fucked you. You have been an inspiration to them both . . . thanks to you, they now fuck me very frequently." As I was leaving, my uncle arrived; his wife told him what had happened. He said nothing, but took me aside, or rather to the bed, laid me upon it and fucked you. You have been an inspiration to them both . . . thanks to you, they now fuck me very frequently." As I was leaving, my uncle arrived; his wife told him what had happened. He said nothing, but took me aside, or rather to the bed, laid me upon it and fucked me in their presence, all this in complete silence. He wanted to begin anew; I refused, inviting him and his brother-in-law to come the day after the next, and stuff me on my wedding-day. They both thanked me."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Concerning The Hirsute Tailed Man, Convelouté, Linars, etc.

Upon reaching my father's house, I brought him up to date, relating all these latest developments. "You know," he observed, "when one has so much paid work at hand, one should not accept to perform any for nothing. A chap with a rather agreeable appearance came today and offered an impressive sum for the privilege of sharing your company tonight. He looked vigorous to me, for he is dark-skinned and covered virtually everywhere with hair." "I hope you did not discourage him," I replied with a smile; "little things of that order are no bother to me at all."

" 'Reassured, my father had me take a hot bath, then a cold one; he put me in bed clad in a generous nightgown and had me swallow some excellent broth; then he allowed me to sleep: it was five in the afternoon when I shut my eyes. I opened them at midnight, feeling someone licking my cunt; I requested my assailant to show himself: he lifted his head and I saw before me an exceedingly handsome and exceedingly swarthy man. I smiled, he sucked my breasts, the while saying complimentary things: "You have a magnificent cunt, a superb *mons Veneris*, the belly of a maiden, an alabaster behind, breasts white as snow, a prominent cunt, voluptuous lips, fine teeth, the most lovely hair! . . . eyelashes, eyebrows, hair that could belong to Aphrodite, a perfectly turned leg, feet yet better formed! . . . After I've fucked you, I'll have more to say." My father bade me get up and come to supper. The swarthy man lifted and carried me, naked as I was, to the table, which was laid near

the fireplace. There, to my great surprise, I saw Guac; Fysistère (as the dark-skinned man was called) laced up my corset, indicating that he appreciated an amply exposed breast; my father put stocking and shoe on one of my legs and feet, Guac attended to the other: my stockings and slippers were of silk, and dazzingly white. We sat down at table; my fucker asked me to uncover my breasts somewhat more; we supped, and I was hungry. That dark fellow ate and drank like Hercules. Upon quitting the table, he said to my father and to Guac: "You have not deceived me: she even surpasses the enthusiastic description you gave of her. If the interior of her cunt is anything like the outside, I shall have her at whatever the price." "Let's have a look at your prick," said Guac. "Ah, yes, that should make a very nice fit, a perfect one. A glance at mine will explain why I've not been able to encunt her, as Monsieur Convelouté, my father-in-law, has doubtless informed you." "I shall soon see whether she merits so splendid a name as Convelouté—but, ye gods, Monsieur Guac! what's that you've got between your legs! An appalling prick, I say! Mademoiselle, fist that object, if you please, I'd like to see how hard it is." I seized Guac's prick; he straightway began to roar with pleasure. "I'm stiffening also," Fysistère remarked; "make your father rigid too, and we'll compare engineries." And I grasped Father's member, which swelled as I squeezed my hand; then the comparing took place. Guac's was three times the hairy man's, whose was twice my father's. "I'd like to have a word with her," said Guac, furious with lust; he steered me into a corner, drew a curtain to conceal us, and discharged into my mouth. Only my father guessed what Guac had just done. As for myself, that mouthful of custard braced me wonderfully; I too was afire.

" 'Fysistère's first words delighted me: "I must fuck her fully dressed to begin with," said he. We

retired to the bed; he removed his breeches and exhibited a body no less hirsute than an ape's; he had me take hold of his device, saying: "Introduce this thing into your cunt, and raise your ass in the approved style every time I give a thrust." I encunted myself at once; he pushed; I uttered a cry, for he was tearing me, having a prick larger than my uncle's and, indeed, than all the other pricks which had fucked me hitherto. "Don't be upset." he said, "I am deflowering you, depucelating you is the technical term. Move your ass, gyrate it." I moved and gyrated it as best I could, sighing with pleasure as I repaid his prick-strokes with heaves of my ass. He finally rammed his way to the bottom, my nippers closed upon his gland. "Adorable wench!" he exclaimed between shouts of lewd delight, "your satin-smooth cunt's biting the sausage! Your fortune is made, your future is secure, as are your father's and your fiancé's who've sold you to me. Come now, let's fuck seriously!" I twisted and writhed, I leapt in the fashion my father and Guac too recommended. "Ah, this is sublime!" Fysistère rhapsodized; "she's discharging ... ah, she'll get me a little short-tailed bugger!" To my fiance: "Come here, scoundrel, put your hand on my back, lower down, lower still—that's it. Now with one hand tickle what you find there, and with the other hand give my balls a massage." Guac obeyed.

" 'Later, I discovered that at the base of his spine the hirsute man had a stub of a tail, shaped just like a prick, but like the rest of his body covered with hair, and it was that tail my husband-to-be fondled. "This celestial cunt isn't something to be abandoned in a minute or two ... no, I'll be at work for a good hour," said Fysistère, agitating himself happily; "tickle away, bugger, tickle away, both my tail and my balls." He discharged six times before he came out for air ... I asked leave to wash myself; my fiancé sponged my cunt and kissed me, calling me his cornucopia, his

magical goose. Meanwhile, my father sucked my bubs.

" 'Said Guac to the dark-skinned man: "She's yours, but I'm as stiff as a goat. Permit me to embugger her." "Embugger her? No, 'tis good fuck wasted; nor shall you encunt her, for I want her to bear me a little one with a tail. But were she disposed to drink some fuck—and I've known a few high-spirited women who have a taste for it—, I'd agree to let you enmouth her." Upon hearing this, I laid firm hold of my fiancé's prick and I'd have swallowed it had it been loose and not so bulky. He discharged while well within my gullet; he let go with guttural sounds, and the boiling seed splashed down into my stomach. "Ah, she likes fuck!" observed Fysistère "she has every virtue, every quality and she'll be lovely so long as she is fecund. Well there, Papa, put yours into her mouth: of all fucks, paternal has the best flavor." I hurled myself upon my father, threw him down on the bed, seized his risen prick and made it move in and out of my mouth until he erupted. I savoured and swallowed his fuck delightedly. "Good!" exclaimed Fysistère, "she has had an exemplary upbringing, 'tis clear. The girl's priceless." He took off my nightdress and shoes and stockings; my father and Guac assisted him; I was stripped to the skin, handled, caressed, kissed from top to bottom while I rinsed out my mouth. They passed me the nightdress; completely naked now, the tailed man raised it and got next to me, sucked my nipples and my tongue, then told my father to insert his prick in my cunt.

" 'Fysistère fucked me another six times without pausing to decunt. I felt tired; I wished to tidy myself; for an hour I sat astride the bidet, my cunt steeping in soothing tepid water. Fysistère amused himself by making Guac stiff and having him release packets of semen into my mouth. Then he summoned me, saying: "You have had ample rest, come to the couch so that I can give you the

bouquet." He had my father introduce his member. "Courage, my child," Papa said; "this fucker is worth ten ordinary men; I'll try to provide you with some relief if this goes on for too long." Six more fuckings followed, fuckings of such extraordinary vehemence that I simply could not stand any more. I said I'd had quite enough; "But," Fysistère explained, "the bouquet is twice the usual attack." "What's this? How many shots do you propose to give her, then?" my father demanded to know. "Twenty-four in all. That's my accustomed dose." "That's too many, you'll drown the child if you've impregnated her, my good fellow. I have a suggestion: she has a younger sister, just as pretty as she is: I'll give her to you, for this poor girl won't be able to keep up with you." "I accept your offer," said Fysistère, "and I'll need a lot of others, for I stop fucking them as soon as they are full or while they are nursing the little ones. Is the younger girl anywhere about?" he enquired, fucking me uninterruptedly. "No, you'll not be able to have her until tomorrow night." "In that case, I'll finish giving this one all twenty-four. You may wash now," he said to me, decunting, "I've only five more to go. If your fiancé feels fit, let him give you a drink of fuck—'twill strengthen you for the rest." Guac immediately brought me his balls to fondle and his prick to frig. I acquitted myself so brilliantly that he was neighing before three minutes had gone by and I had just enough time to get my mouth around his prick when he discharged, swearing like a trooper. "Yes, there's nothing missing in this girl, she has every talent a man could ask for," Fysistère declared as he reencunted. "If her younger sister is half as gifted, there are two matchless athletes." He ran off his last five fucks, one after the other. I can say in my own behalf that I discharged in reply to every shot he fired into the target, indeed, I sometimes answered with two or three to his one—whence the

active Fysistére's admiring comments; he called me a fuckeress worthy of him. Wherewith my father said: "I doubt whether, even with the little one, you'll be well enough supplied. But I've got just what you're looking for: a niece. She's a nun and has the hysteric vapors, it seems: she'll be useful, however, in giving my daughters some respite." "A niece, eh? Excellent, I'll take all three and will give each an annual income of twelve thousand pounds," the dark-skinned man promised. "Bring them to see me every day, except for tomorrow. I'll be busy stuffing a tall blonde who has heard me spoken of and wishes to have a try." And he left.

" 'That scene altered all our plans. I slept till noon. We arrayed ourselves and were married at one o'clock. The weddingfeast was gay. My sister was there, as was my hysterical Carmelite cousin, my father having found the means to have her there by alleging her need of the waters she had been for a considerable period requesting. I felt the most genuine pity for my sister Doucette's little cunt, and resolved to see her at some time during the day. My father cunt-sucked her while I looked on, explaining to her that such treatment was excellent for her health and prevented illness. Ah, how pretty she was! I'd have got my tongue in her cunt too had it not been for my bridal dress and coiffure, for her dear little fuck tempted me sorely. Our father warned her that she would have probably to aid me in the course of my wedding night, and the amiable child naively and graciously agreed to do whatever would be of help. I also saw the cunt that belonged to my Carmelite cousin, the beautiful Victoire Loudo. It wasn't exactly sweet to see, nor cute, but was covered by a rich, superb black upholstery. One had but to touch it with the tip of one's finger to plunge her into an erotic frenzy and my father was obliged to screw her in front of my sister and me; this quieted the poor thing for no more than a moment. We called my

uncle; he fucked her three times. Then we put the young man to work; he was soon exhausted. Then we enlisted the solicitor's services. And finally we one by one applied to all those who were to stuff me on that glorious day. The embuggerers came afterwards: she was fucked, refucked and fucked again, nailed, hammered, cleated, planed, sealed and painted—and calmed at last. But we did not resort to Monsieur Guac—I was jealous of him; while all this multiple fuckery was proceeding, my father frigged my sister: the nun's embuggerage caused Papa such an erection that he thrust Doucette into a small chamber (I went with them) and there and then he depucelated her. I inserted the paternal sceptre into her dear little cuntlet—my function in this commerce was indispenable, for her gem, new and bright, was also very narrow.

" 'The nun was given a washing. Noticing that Guac coveted her, I expressed jealousy, which flattered him: he made me a promise to save all his fuck and his thick prick for my mouth while waiting for children to increase my cunt's diameter. "But you rented me out," I told him, "before having turned me over to the hairy man, in order to be fucked before and behind on my wedding night. How many cunt-fuckers and embuggerers am I to have?" "Six, at two housand crows a piece." "You see, then," I returned, "I shall need a little rest—but we should not let so pretty a sum go by. And have you insisted upon silence and no bright light?" "I have, yes, my beloved queen, I have contracted simply to produce you naked, without any night garment, and to be naked myself in the room. Silence and obscurity are essential—the six buggers have been discreet with me so far. After having seen you together in the salon, each of them will be placed in a separate room. You will move from one to the next: each will behold your entrance, survey and aspire after your charms, and suppose he is the unique possessor of all that

tempts him. We will arrange everything by means of signals." "And, I take it, I shall be replaced by three persons? We'll allot my sister the smallest and most delicate prick. The Carmelite will get the most brutal and vigorous. I shall see you fuck my aunt—leave that to me: she'd like nothing better than to be fucked were the conditions such as would ensure her against compromise. See to it that each woman comes to grips with two men—you should have little trouble managing it, for only the men are to be deceived."

" 'Guac admired my grasp of the situation and my sister or the nun, saying he wished to be frigged. I summoned them both. Uncovering her mit completely to my orders and asked leave to call my sense of economy. He promised he would sub- breasts, I bade the Carmelite take hold of my husband's prick and balls. Next, I placed my sister in the appropriate position, raised her skirts to above her waist, and adjusted her so that she would exhibit a view of her ass, which was exceedingly attractive to look upon. I stood beside her, likewise exposed, but showing Guac my forequarters. He, titillated by a soft and gentle hand and relishing the prospect of three eminently agreeable women, soon began to mutter and whinny with pleasure. From this amiable mood he went into a furious one and he would without any doubt have encunted that nun had I not leapt to his prick and shoved it into my mouth. He discharged into my throat, howling with joy. We all four went out together to the dance and my sister, my cousin and I were greeted most warmly by the merry-makers come to the wedding.

" 'My six fuckers for that night had arrived. Guac, taking great care not to show me to any of those who were to have me, made much ado about me to those who were not. They were, taken all together, six monsters of ugliness. Guac found a way to get them to take off all their clothes: he led

them into an isolated room, bade them strip, and rubbed their bodies with what he described as an invigorating balm: I observed this scene through the key-hole.

" 'The first was a fleshless skeleton having a prick resembling my father's. His nose was so long it touched his chin, he was hollow-chested, bright-eyed, and he had warts all over his body. I decided to bestow him upon my sister because of his prick's moderate proportions—and I imagined I'd find few moderately proportioned ones amongst these gentlemen—; his name was Widewit.

" 'The second was a stocky, stout little man with a considerable belly and having a prick the equal of my uncle's; his hide was the color of boiled lobster, by way of a nose he was furnished with a large beet; he had bushy eyebrows, a funnel-shaped mouth and the slack lips of a great eater. He too was to be destined for Doucette if I failed to find anyone better; his name: Witecon de la Cowillard-dière.

" 'The third proved to be constructed like a heron or like a dromedary: he was hoisted uon long stilt-like legs or poles lacking entirely in calves, upon his shoulders he carried a conical head; his visage was sharp and dark; his skinny thighs were mere continuations of his meagre legs, separated only by enormous knobby knees. Everything that was wanting in the rest of him was found in his prick, this article being sturdy, nay, massive, more so even than our betailed man's and twice the diameter of Guac's. I selected Towtenwit for my aunt who was hot-blooded, big-gapped and barren.

" 'The fourth was an important corn-factor as broad as he was tall, covered with black hair and with pimples, having balls weighing sixteen or twenty ounces each, a very long prick and as thick as my uncle's. I chose Witplongeardow for my cousin because of his balls.

" 'The face belonging to the fifth had the hue of

a toad's belly, his head was monstrous and might also have been that reptile's, his belly was modeled after Desessarts', his prick after Guac's. (He was to embugger me—that had been decided in advance.) His glance was dreadful, his mouth disgusting and his nose yet more so. Witerwell was there to occupy himself with my aunt's ample cunt.

" 'Round-shouldered and stooped, bandy-legged, red-haired and rheumy about the eyes, the sixth and last was a tall man; he had a vaguely-shaped, lumpy prick, exceedingly long. He had however brought along an auxiliary and artificial member which, strapped into place, was to be used to embugger me. Perceawant was to be my ardent cousin's second lover.

" 'Night fell. I was put to bed. Each of those six originals fancied he was going to have the pleasure of plying the carvingknife upon my unsliced flesh. Guac conducted me into the nuptial chamber and made as if to tuck me in, but he distributed us, one to a room, and the lights were extinguished. As for myself, I remained up and walked about, providing each of my co-workers with a glowing portrait of the Prince Charming she was going to clasp in her arms. In all conscience I felt obliged to give them at least imaginary pleasures in the default of real ones. "My dearest," I said to my sister, "with what unlimited joy you'd sacrifice your night's quiet rest for me if only you could see the delicious young man who is to make gentle use of your sweet charms! He's a sylph, he's an Apollo, the very god of love, I assure you!" Next, I went to where the nun lay in great expectation. "You are going fully to sense the difference between the cot in your convent cell and a newlywed girl's bed," I told my mettlesome cousin; "a superb man, a majestic prick!" I betook myself to the room where my aunt was awaiting she knew not what. "Ah, you shall have your fill of what you love so, my dear Auntie: a matchless youth and perhaps two who desire me

with all the passion of their young years: they're going to fuck me in your cunt, your burning cunt, and continue until their forces finally desert them. Think of it! Their pricks are solid; and so I advise you to grease yourself as though 'twere for the first time ... pretend to be a maid and swallow those enormous joints of beef ..." My aunt thanked me and besought me to bring these champions in with all possible despatch. I ran off to get her Towtenwit, the third.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Of The Six Fuckers And The Three They Fucked

" 'Leapt upon by the horror she fancied an angel, my timid sister sighed happily; I heard her being cunt-tongued, I heard it when she discharged —"I'm dying . . ." she murmured . . . "How sweet your voice is, my beloved bride," Widewit whispered to her and he straightway climbed aboard and encunted her. Although depucelated, the poor little thing uttered a cry; I spoke from the doorway close at hand, to disguise her trouble and distract her fucker; that old monster was literally eating her alive, caressing her, fingering her everywhere; she seconded his efforts with all her might and discharged afresh. Thanks to me, she had just as much pleasure as if she had been fucked by Don Juan; seeing that she was well enskewered, I went to find out how the nun was faring.

" 'Witplongeardow had decided not to employ his mishapen device, but rather his artificial one, and was nonetheless evoking groans from the poor martyr under his belly. I ran and informed Guac of what was happening; he came at once, plucked the villain from the breach and gave him a few cuffs: I heard him say in a very low voice: "Do you want to kill my wife, you scoundrel? put in her cunt that damnable prick God gave you!" The fucker did as he was ordered and the fuckeress thenceforth knew pleasure only.

" 'Next, I repaired to my aunt's room; owing to his awkwardness, Towtenwit had been so far unable to encunt her; I lowered my head to the pillow and, between sighs, said: "Ask my father to introduce it for you." Guac, who had followed me on

tip-toes, arrived to negotiate the insertion, and subsequently all went well.

" 'Each of the three girls was twice cunt-fucked; then, as though in concert, the three buggers wheeled as one and attacked the fort from the rear. Two of the three were therewith handselled ass-wise; my aunt naively supposed her cunt was about to be stuffed from behind, but the two others had not even an erroneous notion of what was about to befall them. Those three asses were pierced at the same instant and despite the instructions they had been given to avoid all outcry, they all screeched in chorus. Doucette: "Oh! the fundament! . . ." The nun: "Oh! the anus! . . ." My aunt: "Ah! the ass-hole! . . . No one paid the least attention to these protests. Happily, my sister had a large ass: consequently, she suffered less than the others; as for the Carmelite, whom Witplongeardow was buggering with his infamous member, she had a veritable yardstick in her entrails and could feel it nudging her naval. She suffered much pain from this rude intrusion, for he withdrew and plunged back in again brutally; she had no pleasure until he discharged and she felt the agreeable warmth of his fuck flow into her large intestine.

" 'My aunt was the worst treated by Towtenwit: her asshole was tight as her cunt was slack; his enormous prick was cleaving her in two, she gritted her teeth to stifle her curses. The discharge came at last, she imitated it with one of her own, his prick grew smaller, she felt much better.

" 'The three old lechers had had as much as they needed. Guac came to fetch them off their prey, and led them away without permitting the women a glimpse of the creatures with whom they had been struggling. The three cunts were wiped and dried and set to rights, the beds were made, the sheets changed, the three brides were tucked in again and Guac brought in the three new actors.

" 'He and I deposited Witencon in the arms and

upon the belly of my sister, by now somewhat toughened by battle. She tenderly caressed the monster who encunted her, his prick guided by Guac to the mark (Guac took advantage of this opportunity to fondle and tickle my sister, which caused the poor little thing to tremble so, that her fucker exclaimed, imagining me to be his auditor: "Ah, but you are a bloody little whore, aren't you!").

" 'In that Guac seemed to have forgot everything but his immediate problem—namely, cunt-stuffing my sister—, I left him to his affairs and went on alone to arrange the two other men. Perceawant I gave to the nun and saw to it his own prick was erect.

" 'Tis a gentle hand indeed that touches me," said he, wishing to seize mine, but I eluded him. "Get your ass to quivering, buggeress," he told his steed, "I'm entering your cunt, you can't get away from me now. I'm not your husband, I've paid hard cash to lie with you and depucelate you, and so you're my whore. Fuck, slut, and keep your ass in motion, that's what I've paid for." Guac heard him; he came in directly and seized him by the throat. "You've not fulfilled your end of the bargain, I need not fulfill mine. Get out of here, knave!" "Yes, but I was to have embuggered her!" And he charged into the Carmelite's ass despite the hail of blows Guac was showering upon him; the nun screamed like one of the damned.

" 'By this time I was at my aunt's bedside; I matched her with the massively outfitted Witerwell. He had contracted to embugger only, but the hot-blooded rascal he had beneath him herself directed his prick into her cunt. "Ah ha! so, wench, you're not a virgin after all," he declared (to me, he supposed); "how is it you know so much about prick-management? Well then, whore, if you are experienced, fuck like someone who knows a little of the world, fuck, do you hear? for I've paid your pimp of a husband!" As she replied in earnest to all

his thrusts, he went on, saying: "Ah, she's a whore, she is a whore, I say, she's what the others left me," and as he discharged he pinched and slapped her; she protested, defended herself. "Into your mouth it goes, bleeding whore that you are," he said, drawing out of her cunt, "and if you don't swallow my fuck to the last drop you'll wish you had!" Guac, having a moment ago driven out the nun's brutal fucker (after he'd been allowed to embugger her), now heard the hub-bub in my aunt's room and hastened thither; he apostrophized that unclean wretch Witerwell, gave him a powerful blow in the face. "You might at least wash yourself before sticking it in her mouth, dog! I never give my prick to be sucked, never, do you hear? without first washing it in rose-water and soaking it in milk. Execrable bugger! you behave like that swine the Marquis de Sade; are you trying to nauseate us all? you've broken the agreement, and you don't deserve to spend another minute here." "There are a hundred *louis* in my coat pocket," said Witerwell; "take them in addition." "Wash yourself . . . here's some rose-water . . . some milk's over here . . . Well, my dearest, you'll have to put up with whatever comes along—he's got a hundred *louis* in his pocket, just as he says . . ." The old reprobate shouted like a lad of eighteen, enmouthed, embuggered, encunted, between-titted to his heart's delight. "Ah, by Jesus! what a whore they've given me! . . ." Guac wished for nothing more than to prove to him he'd not got the partner he imagined; and when Witerwell was finished and dressed, Guac escorted him to the door, passing down a hallway and leading him straight past where I happened to be, fully clothed; it was as though he had seen a ghost, for I sprang out of sight. "Oh, I've been cheated!" the monster roared: "damn my eyes, he gave me a whore instead of his wife!" and he swore and cursed till he had stamped out of the house. While these scenes were in progress I was observing my young sister's fuckery: the poor little thing was

encunted, embuggered and enmouthed like the others by her paramour Witencon de la Cowillardière, who did not pause before he had exhausted his last particle of strength. He adored me; what finally did for him was that when he felt himself drained dry, he had Doucette suck his prick (priorly very thoroughly washed in warm water) and kiss his balls. Again, he niched his prick and balls between her bubs and in the cleft between her buttocks, then he had his gland given a further sucking; wherewith he did get somewhat of an erection and promptly popped his device in Doucette's ass. He repeated this trick and, this last time, had a dry orgasm. He collapsed soon thereafter.

" 'I called for Guac who pried him loose from Doucette's ass; he was unconscious and in that state was borne to his carriage; upon reaching home, liqueurs were given him in accordance with Guac's instructions to his footmen. Alcohol revived the aged libertine. "Ah," he cried, opening his eyes, "I am still alive, and I wanted to die in that asshole! I'm still hard, go fetch her here, bring her to me, I've got to stuff her again and . . . oh . . . oh . . . expire . . . oh—" and indeed, he did expire."

"An heroic death!" Trait-d'Amour commented and the whole company agreed it had been.

"Madame Guac went on with her story. 'And that was how I passed the first night of my marriage. Guac was, upon his return, furious with lust; he wanted to embugger everyone in sight, then enmouth us; we disposed ourselves. He enmouthed me, embuggered my sister and cousin, encunted my aunt who ached for a month from his huge prick's effects and was furthermore impregnated thereby, and that probably was what prevented Fysistère from buying her too.

" 'As for Guac, I remain his mistress and his thick prick still fortifies me with its nourishing fuck. I'll be encunted by him soon after I've had my second child—he and Fysistère have agreed to that.' "

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

The Conclusion Of The Story Of The Three Wenches

" "No one ever knew how the fiery man with the tail discovered that Guac had hired me out on my marriage night. He arrived in a towering rage; he demanded to know where I was; I was in bed—such was Guac's reply. "I dare say," Fysistère muttered, "and a man has died of exhaustion in her arms." "She spent the entire night attending to her duties," Guac explained, "but they were not lethal. Her cousin, the nun, having been somewhat wooed during the day, was attacked by her hysterics in the course of the night—she had a nightmare in which she fancied she was being fucked; I was summoned to her room; being unable to encunt her, I embuggered instead. As for my wife, she's asleep and you'll be able to ascertain by the freshness of her cunt and asshole that she's not been touched." "We'll have a look at the Carmelite to begin with." "She too is sleeping." But they went in search of her. Guac drew back her bedclothes and pulled up her gown without awakening her. She lay on her stomach unable to rest on her back because of her smarting ass—it was in dreadful shape. "She looks rather badly to me . . . And her cunt?" "It was less seriously maltreated. I strained it, but not gravely, by vain efforts. After that she frigged herself."

" " "Now let's see the bride." They came into my room. I believe I mentioned I knit up the raveled sheeve of care with a little repose preceded by a bath; my cunt and my asshole were found so appetizing and pretty that Fysistère kissed them both, then he informed the good Guac that he had

a secluded dwelling where he planned to sequester us, my sister, my cousin and I, during the whole of the time we produced children for him. When he looked in on Doucette he found her dressed; she enchanted him.

" 'The next day he took the three of us away, saying that, until the time our pregnancies were well under way, no one would approach us, we would speak to no one save through a grilled window.

" 'Fysistère is extremely wealthy; he fees Guac to the tune of twenty thousand pounds a year; my father recesives forty thousand for my sister and my cousin. After a good supper, in the evening he has us all lie in a wide bed and he climbs into our midst. He fucks me first, then my sister, lastly the Carmelite; each of us gets two successive discharges between which he never decunts; then, he returns to me, goes next to my sister, and soon; in a word, we are each given eight shots a night, meaning that Fysistère discharges twenty-four times. While he is fucking one, the two others excite him, one attending to his sensitive tail, the other to his equally sensitive balls. That's how it was. We all three became pregnant simultaneously; he announced we were to have no more until we had given birth and finished nursing our offspring. He came here to Sens, he saw you, he fucked you, Madame, he married your eldest daughter, encunted your five other children, fucked your two nieces, got into your husband's bastard, raped your two servants, and made every last one of you pregnant. An unusual man. During the time he was operating here, we gave birth, nursed, found ourselves in a case to start in again and he has fetched us here and he is going to fuck us some more. You too ought to try to be free—available, that is to say—when we are gravid once more; that way we will be fucked alternately.

" 'There you have our story. And now you know

more about the man with the tail. I shall simply add that, when Monsieur Fysistère was not fucking us, we nevertheless did have desires to be fucked, and we satisfied them by resorting to my father, my uncle, and the stalwart Guac as well as to the solicitor and my first beau; they furbished us indiscriminately, Guac spilling his seed in our mouths, the others moistening our cunts. However, we all wanted Guac when the first pangs of labor began: his prick, as bulky as any infant, opened up the passage and his fuck greased it.

" 'After childbirth, we besought my father to hunt us up some pretty little boys not yet at the age of puberty, but capable of stout little erections, who would be able to keep our cunts from getting rusty. These youngsters were located; we used to oil their little members: they'd not discharge, but were able to keep us as clean as a whistle.'

"The twelve women were greatly aroused by this narration and some of them got up and went forthwith to have Fysistère give their cunts a polishing; he was greatly surprised by their eagerness and fell to with a right good will. He used his tail as well as his prick, thus handling two at a time, one on top of him, the other beneath. When this storm had blown over Fysistère returned to his three tried and true women. But it was not long before they were all pregnant. Whereupon he requested them, and Madame Linars too, to find him three or four new companions while his original three remained *hors de combat*. Madame Guac managed all by herself to procure three for him: one was Tétonnette, a childhood friend; the others were two sisters: Bienouverte, tall and blonde, and Dardenbouche, a pretty brunette, very affectionate and given to discharging like a fire hydrant. Tétonnette was one of those dark-haired but fair-skinned girls who are always found to have splendid breasts. Fysistère signed over twelve hundred pounds a year to each of Madame Guac's three discoveries, took upon

himself the responsibility off their maintenance during the period of their fecundity, laid them side by side in the capacious bed and depucelated each eight times the first night. He began things with Dardenbouche, the youngest; she was so amorous, although a maid, that she replied to the initial prick-thrust with a veteran heave of her flanks. It was with nothing less than heroical courage she sustained the eight successive assaults. Next, Fysistère turned to Bienouverte; her behaviour was more reserved; she wept and exclaimed, although not very narrowly cunted, because, not discharging from the outset, he only mildly wetted her cunt; nevertheless, she was a maid and acted like one: despite her languor, she was fucked the standard eight times—Fysistère would have been mortified had he failed even by one to live up to his lights. After Bienouverte came Tétonette: she was less readily penetrated than the former, but so deliciously did she go into the dance, her bubs were so appetizing, her cuntlet fitted so snugly, that she gave him quite as much pleasure as had Dardenbouche.

"His two dozen attacks completed, Fysistère let his new wives sleep. Early the next morning, three menservants entered to receive his orders. He was awake but feigned still to be asleep, his mouth fastened upon one of Tétonnette's nipples and a hand on one of each of the others' breasts. 'Look ye at the bugger', murmured one servant, 'he looks peaceful and contented, don't he?' 'Aye,' replied the other and they fell to frigging themselves. Whereupon Fysistère pretended suddenly to awake and said to the pair: 'I heard you two rascals. You'll not encunt them, no, by God, I want them to be pregnant thanks exclusively to me, but turn two of them over on their bellies and embugger them both, if you'd do me a favor'. He had scarcely concluded his sentence when the three sleeping beauties uttered simultaneous cries motivated by

the three pricks burrowing into their assholes. Fysistère exhorted them to be patient and to think of all the encuntments they regularly had to every embuggerment; and, moreover, he assured them that the two servants and himself were going to eject their seed upon the floor. They were won over by these arguments and vied with one another in giving furious motion to their asses. A superior diplomat, that man with the tail!"

Everyone's reaction to this long story was the same: "What indeed are we but puny operators compared with those fuckers and fuckeresses! But we do make the most of our limited abilities, don't we? A pity 'tis not tomorrow, wouldst that we could put our small wits to work!" "Now don't start frigging yourselves, my friends," I warned them; save what little you have—" "Never fear; our fuck is not our own—it belongs to these lovely creatures." Who was surprised to hear us converse thus in my daughter's presence? Monsieur Brideconin and his good dame . . . but they were to have an even greater earful and see yet more.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Concerning The Wonderful Armchair

It was Sunday. A fine dinner of steaming food and cool wine was prepared and served in my storeroom. Apart from the bed and the old sofa, I had had a third comfortable piece of fucking furniture brought down there: I'd chanced across it in a locksmith's shop in the rue de la Parcheminerie, the the locksmith had bought it merely for the steel and iron at an auction of a certain duke's belongings; I related the history of this object to the society.

"This armchair you see before you has unusual properties. It is more than at first glance it appears to be. The locksmith one evening shortly after acquiring it was about to sit down in it, for he had noticed it has an interior mechanism. The plump young wife of his old neighbor, the wig-maker Aupetit, arrived in his shop. All out of breath, the pretty woman sat down wearily in that devilish contraption; her arms were pinioned upon the spot, a spring mechanism drew up her skirts and another spread her thighs, a third forced her cunt forward, a fourth made it oscillate. 'Eh, what the devil sort of a thingumabob is this?' she cried. 'I've not the faintest idea,' the honest lockmaker answered; 'I was getting ready to try it out myself when you came in. Apparently it's what the Duc de Fronsac used to employ when dealing with recalcitrant girls sold to him by unwise parents. If you like, neighbor, I'll deal a little with you—' 'Come, my good man! Is a woman ever to be raped against her wishes? . . . I'll bite, I warn you—' The lockmaker

removes his breeches and gets aboard her; the lady attempts to bite him—and a gentle but irresistible device forces her mouth open and, exerting pressure, compels her to stick forth her tongue. Vulcan's minion takes full advantage of all that and nips into the wig-maker's wife, who's powerless to prevent it and even unable to scream. The operation completed, the spring and gear mechanism in the chair unwound and Madame Aupetit was released. 'Twas then she began to weep and sniffle, to complain about how she'd been used; 'twas as though she were in the depths of despair. 'Why, you're a great silly,' said the smith, 'I managed so well you're certain to become pregnant—you'll have a baby the likes of which your old scoundrel of a husband would never have given you. But you've got to be clever. Tell him today that you've been doing penance or something of the sort, that you've got to go to the church tonight to receive some kind of a blessing . . . and when the cure gives it to you, stir your ass, say a few things to warm him up and when he discharges in you, make as though you're swooning and tell him he's shot to your gullet.' Madame Aupetit left the shop with her head full of these instructions and she followed them to the letter; the armchair was sold to me the next day.

"Having seen me passing in the street, the locksmith called me in, showed me his prize, praised it and explained its use to me; I bought it upon condition I obtained satisfaction from the apparatus; we'll use it on prudes should we find any in the course of our orgies. We'll not have anyone sit in it until the proper time comes, otherwise the charm of its secret will be spoiled."

We were four at dinner: Madame Poilsoyeux, a pretty hatmaker, from the rue Bordet or Bordel whom Trait-d'Amour had brought with him and whose name was Tendrelys, and myself. *In petto*, I decided to try the mechanical chair on the attrac-

tive Tendrelys, who was still a virgin although Trait-d'Amour had made a steady practice of sodomizing her and had upon several occasions discharged between her thighs—or, if the hat-maker proved docile and complaisant, I'd use it on Rose-Mauve or on her blonde sister Rosalie, or again on our landlady, for I was eager to initiate Madame Brideconin into our mysteries and her husband too, wishing to cuckold him in his own presence. We dined royally well, but avoided eating and drinking too much. Furthermore, we were served fowl and other readily digested things; the reader will soon see how I put my plans into execution.

CHAPTER FORTY

Of Shaven Cunts

As we rose from table, Trait-d'Amour said to us: "All week long I've had the idea in my head to render the cunt of Madame Conquette Ingénue Poilsoyeux what it ought to be, that is to say, loose, for I'm dead certain that after seven days of idleness it's as tight as a drum. Brisemotte, Coraboyau, good fellows and mightily pricked, raise Minnone's skirts and Connette's too, for it would not be meet for them to bare their own bellies." They were uncovered to above the navel; upon their cunts . . . not a blade of hair! "I shaved them this morning," explained Trait-d'Amour, "to see the effect before proposing the same thing be done to my goddess. See how tidy they are, my friends; every bit of hair removed from every part of the body. They have bathed every day since learning that the beautiful fuckeress daily dips her cunt in the limpid wave and then plunges thereinto the rest of her incomparable body. They tell me that when the fever is in them, the cool water in which they soak their burning cunts gives them a nearly fuckative pleasure. But behold those cunts: wouldn't you swear they belonged to little girls of twelve or thirteen?" We all agreed with Trait-d'Amour.

And so I asked my daughter to consent to have her cunt tonsured. She hid her face upon my chest. Trait-d'Amour immediately laid her on the bed, her cunt sparkling in full and glorious view. "A pity though," he admitted, caressing, fingering, fondling, petting it, "the goatee is superb! I'll use scissors to start with; we'll mount this silken hair under glass and frame it in gold—it will make a precious relic." He snipped away and then from a

rosewood box drew a perfumed shaving stick and for a long time soaped her cunt. As this operation excited Conquette, she besought me to lay my lips upon her mouth, and she darted her tongue into mine all the while her cunt was being razed, and when it was cleanshaven it was washed with rose-water, her thighs were dried with soft towels and Tendrelys placed in a frame the wondrous hair that had been shorn away; after that, the beardless cunt was exposed to the company's admiring gaze. Everyone, especially the girls, and even the reticent Tendrelys, who, they said, had only come to see and blush at everything—, everyone concurred in judging it superb, and found it so appetizing that it was subjected to a general kissing. The pretty hatmaker glued her lips to my daughter's pink cunt and her tongue roving in the crack succeeded in arousing her lust. Rose-Mauve, who could not stay away, leapt upon her like a tigress, plucked the hatmaker from the sacred object, and cunt-sucked Conquette with such zeal and energy that they both began to pant. The men had their turn: they sucked the discharging gem and made it discharge some more. As for myself, while staring at these stimulating goings-on, I rubbed and fondled Tendrelys' bubs, which she had in charming size and shape and dared not defend.

"Ah, what a party!" she said. "You've seen nothing yet," Minonne replied to her. Indeed, Trait-d'Amour, having liberated Conquette Ingénue's cunt of those ravening tongues which had been increasingly active, spoke to his comrades: "Imitate me, dear friends!" Wherewith every prick, risen mast-high, was trundled from its hiding-place. "To cunts! To cunts!" was the next command shouted. Tendrelys lowered her lovely eyes; but Conquette, stretched out on the bed, her clitoris undergoing a gentle tickling at the hands of Rose-Mauve, raised her head to see the couched lances.

"Which one are you going to encunt?" my lusty

former secretary asked me. "The voluptuous Conquette or Maid Tendrelys?" I hesitated before replying—that moment's pause was enough to bring a feeble cry from my daughter: "A prick . . . a prick . . ." Trait-d'Amour dashed to her side, took her in his arms and presented her palpitating trick. "Encunt her," he bade me, "the fuckeress' cunt's smiling at you." I plunged in; I was as stiff as a quarterstaff and as I penetrated her, my precipitation fetched a sigh from her lips. But a moment later she was fucking industriously back. "Ah, that's good!" she exclaimed, raising her ass to meet my attacks; "very good indeed . . . My, but you're stiff today! . . . fuck, Papa, fuck . . . bury it, hammer it home, oh dear Papa, I'm going to discharge!"—Trait-d'Amour's finger playing about her clitoris was an additional inspiration. I discharged also, her delicious cuntlet gripping me like a pipe in a plumber's vice. That goddess made me positively drunk, Trait-d'Amour's ministrations made her fairly vibrate, as Petronius' Gorax caused her master Eumolpe to tremble. Meanwhile, Brisemotte had flipped Rose-Mauve onto her back . . . Those two little witches, Minonne and Connette, as naked as your hand, had just peeled every stitch of clothing off the still hesitant Tendrelys, and held her between them, frictionalizing and heating their cunts against her alabaster thighs, one tickling her clitoris, the other digitally investigating her asshole. They all three discharged at the precise instant the encunted women erupted. "My stars!" cried the pretty hatmaker "what a wonderful way to spend one's spare time!"

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

An Unexpected Prick Arrives

At this crucial juncture there came three swift knocks at the door—a signal I had given to the locksmith. I decunted and went to open; it was the good artisan indeed; he did not come in, but thrust at me a man wearing a blindfold and having his hands tied behind his back. He was covered by a great white woolen overcoat beneath which he was completely nude. I took him by the arm and pushed him towards the Fronsac mechanical chair upon which Trait-d'Amour seated his sister and set the thing in operation; directly the child had been seized by the apparatus, the individual who'd just entered was launched into the fray after his coat had been snatched off him. Now that he was naked, his massive prick provoked a general fright—remarks such as "Great God!" and "He's lugging a mainmast!" were heard all around. Conquette recognized who it was; she blanched. (The reader is to note that whereas everyone else could speak, Conquette and I had to keep silent.) Minonne, caught fast in the chair, was the only one this prick, which yielded to Fout-à-Mort's in no particular, failed to alarm. She grasped it courageously and popped its head between her cunt-lips, advising its owner to push with might and main. The bugger reared back, then lunged ahead, wielding that device like a battering-ram upon a besieged castle's gate; but it did not penetrate. "Raise your ass," the would-be fucker ordered in a brutal tone, "I'm too tall." Minonne adjusted herself, the prick found the gap and although it required a passage at least twice as broad, it forced its way in. Minonne under-

went the ordeal like a true Christian martyr. Sweat and tears rolled down her cheeks. At last, that vast instrument touched bottom and spewed forth its life-giving ichor, and by lubricating the damaged corridor lessened the pain the girl was suffering. Minonne's cries of distress were succeeded by others of bliss. "Ah! . . . ah! . . . he's inundating me . . . I'm fucked, I'm discharging, oh, I'm going out of my mind!" And the poor impaled little creature thrashed about like a whore being fucked by a monk in a brothel.

We were all at first dumbfounded with admiration, then, to a man, our pricks soared rigidly aloft like a quartet of demons'. Brisemotte jammed Rose-Mauve from behind, Cordaboyau stuffed Connette from in front; Trait-d'Amour consulted my eyes, pointing first to Conquette, then to Tendrelys. I nodded to him to take the former, whispering to my lieutenant: "He's fucking your sister, do you fuck his wife —it's Vitnègre . . ." and Trait-d'Amour leapt with utmost avidity upon the scoundrel's lady, whom he encunted with such male forthrightness that she uttered a few expostulations . . . but discharged soon afterwards, her trouble metamorphosing into happiness. "Whatever wife discharges like that," her fucker stammered, "is a good one; only those who don't discharge behave badly."

While this was going on, Vitnègre was refucking Minonne and Minonne was redischarging. Rose-Mauve shrilled with pleasure under Brisemotte, Connette beneath Cordaboyau; Tendrelys, moved by these proceedings, leaned languidly upon my shoulder and gave me her pretty mouth to kiss; Conquette, being reamed by Trait-d'Amour, was weeping, bucking her ass, ejaculating, uttering little cries of joy and envying Minonne her luxurious agonies. "Hey, by God!" her fucker cried to me, "are you standing by for nothing? Grease this little slut Tendrelys and depucelate her if you wish to do

some honest work." That dear child cast a lingering glance in my direction, and put her hand before her cunt as if to protect it. We had a supply of butter in readiness; I annointed her cunt therewith, lay the virgin upon an unoccupied couch and despite her earnest and touching prayers, my prick entered her. "At least," she said, feeling herself pierced, "you won't give me to that dreadful man who's doing it to Minonne or to the others—you won't, will you?"

"Wiggle your ass, my sweet!" the stern Trait-d'Amour shouted from where he lay embottled; "is that the way one fucks? Look alive, d'ye hear! Have a look at my beloved and at the other sluts in the room . . . look, whore, look . . . we're dis . . . charging!" Hearing this energetic exhortation, the poor little one struggled beneath me as bravely as she could; I penetrated slowly, cautiously, the while caressing her, thrusting my tongue into her mouth, quenching her thirst for tenderness.

"Oh, I say!" protested Trait-d'Amour, "you needn't wear kid gloves with her; go heartily to it, like me and like that blackpricked rascal who's stuffiing his victim on the chair. Notice how he bites her nipples when he hasn't a spare hand to fondle them with. Eh, bugger! don't hurt her, or not too much, she's my sister and I'll cut yout rhroat if we have any nonsense from you . . . oh . . . oh, I'm discharging a-gain!" Vitnègre pronounced an identical statement. "Ah, let him devour me," Minonne exclaimed, "so long as he fucks me!"

Ecstatic cries came from Conquette. As for Tendrelys, I was nearing the bottom of her cuntlet. "Oh, I'm a maid no longer . . . I'm discharging . . . what ever shall Mamma say?"

"She'll never know, my pretty fuckeress, my former master's prick does no harm to maidenheads," Trait-d'Amour reassured her. At this point, Vitnègre backed out of Minonne, thoroughly done in; Rose-Mauve (whence Brisemotte had de-

cunted) was lubricated for him: the steadfast and doughty Minonne's torments had appalled all the other girls. That mule's prick encunted Rose-Mauve with great speed owing to the pommade in her cunt, but she suffered nonetheless: she wept, bled and finally discharged ... she was thrice sprayed, her fucker pausing not once to draw a breath; he'd let fly four times into Minonne's cunt. Connette's turn came. She was more scrupulously pommaded than Rose-Mauve had been, but uttered loud cries all the same; had she not been in the Fronsac machine, she'd have expelled her torturer. She finally discharged, and waves of pleasure replaced those of pain. But no one expected the effect these butcheries produced; of a sudden, Madame Poilsoyeux announced a desire to be stuffed by her husband's gigantine prick; she made her request in a low voice and asked to be placed on the mechanical chair immediately Vitnègre decunted from Connette, whose trick was presently spattered with equal amounts of blood and fuck. But Trait-d'Amour then prowling on the loose, sprang upon and encunted her, saying in a whisper: "Wench, I am jealous of you, for the good Linguet as well as for myself, I'd rather strangle you than let you be fucked in my presence by that cuckold of a husband of yours."

"Forgive me, divine goad, the sufferings of the others tempted me. Run your blade deep and rid me of the desire, for I count now upon you only ... there's Monsieur Linguet yielding up his precious f-f-fuck—oh I'm redis—discharging ... ah! ... ah! that blessed fuck-swallowing Tendrelys! ah, queen of whores, you are jealous; come, come, there're some prick-thrusts in your heavenly cunt ... Ah, I'm discharging all over again ... again ..." she murmured.

And in the meantime, what was Vitnègre up to? He was resting himself and imbibing some potent liqueurs while he rubbed his prick against the bubs

of his three victims who were frigging him by way of amusement.

Mademoiselle Linguet suddenly observed to her fucker: "But that bugger, you know, is another Guac, I'm going to get him to give me some refreshment; wash his prick in rose-water, I'd like to suckle it as Madame Guac used to drink the beverage supplied by her husband's ponderous device.

We had nothing to object to so reasonable a proposition. The monstrous engine was cleaned; two or three girls on either side of Vitnègre supported him and gave him their bubs to dandle. Rose-Mauve tickled his balls and asshole. Trait-d'Amour lay down with his back upon the floor, my daughter knelt over him and packed his prick into her cunt. Mademoiselle Linguet was near enough to Vitnègre to be able to give his huge prick five or six preliminary kisses, all the while replying emphatically to the heaves and thrusts of her fucker who was on the verge of a discharge; she enmouthed that prodigy before her nose, moving her mouth so that the terrible engine slid to and fro twixt her coral lips and then advanced deep into her throat: when the monster belched forth fire and smoke, she bit it. Thus does the voluptuous mate of this giant serpent crush in her maw the head of the too amorous male. Bitten, Vitnègre screamed in ectasy. He ejaculated a torrent, although this constituted his tenth emission, and Mademoiselle Linguet was all but drowned with fuck simultaneously pouring into her mouth and cunt. She wished three times to drain the mead from Vitnègre's drinking horn which his female aides tickled and stroked with such assiduity that, no sooner emptied, it rose up again, full, glistening and purple. While all this was happening, he kept repeating: "My wife lives yet, 'tis she I'm enmouthing; it must be so, for I feel the velvet softness of her mouth!" and this idea made him discharge the whole floods. Mademoiselle Linguet was obliged to bring this game to an end

before Vitnègre expired as a consequence of it. But she had sucked that double-sized prick with such fury that her mouth ached. Vitnègre was obliged to embugger the three damsels he had encunted, which brought the tool of his discharges, each copious, to sixteen, for the girls in question took turns manipulating his balls with unpitying persistence.

By now, no one was affrighted by the dolorous exercize involved in embuggerage by so elephantine a member; to the contrary; the patient's torments excited the onlookers' passions, and they pinched and scratched her to force her to agitate herself and thus to facilitate the huge prick's bumwise intromission. Vitnègre was at the end of his rope: it was precisely that which aroused Madamoiselle Linguet. She insisted we make him discharge a seventeenth time, and unload all he had left in her asshole; Trait-d'Amour saw that he had to consent to this sodomy. Vitnègre was manipulated once again, his balls were squeezed, kneaded, rubbed and licked, he was advised he was about to embugger Mademoiselle Linguet, his wife: upon hearing this, his weary prick rose proudly erect. He was given Rose-Mauve's nipples to suck, Connette's also. 'Twas stiff, rigid! The embuggeree was straightway laid on her belly, her rosebud was buttered, then her rectum was tried and loosened with the large nozzle of a syringe. Tendrelys, with her sweet soft hands, fastidiously guided the awful engine towards the expectant anus while Minonne and Connette each parted a buttock. Rose-Mauve, ready to manipulate the balls if need be, with a buttered finger rummaged in the patient's asshole to blaze the trail for the monster oozing already with impatience to plunge into the wilderness. It moves ahead, is stopped, it strains, then bursts through! From Madame Vitnègre's throat emerge guttural noises, her husband thinks he recognizes them, and his suspicions cause him to redouble the vigor of his

assaults. Then came the moment when the embuggeree emitted a cry which completed lodging the monster in its lair. Vitnègre, his last doubts practically dispelled, rattled his weapon furiously about; he disembuggered only after he'd discharged ... Rose-Mauve toiled over his testicles, his anus, and pressing her cunt to his ass, fucked in harmony with him, pushing each time he pushed. Vitnègre released three deluges of fuck into his wife's intestines, and that brought his total to nineteen for the session; having parted with his last shot, he fell limply backwards.

He was dragged from Mademoiselle Linguet's vent; she went at once to cool and close it in fresh water, for it was both red-hot and considerably agape. Vitnègre was pitched into a trough of well-water standing in the courtyard, by means to bring him back to his senses: the locksmith arrived; Vitnègre was transported into his carriage and the vehicle rolled away with him inside.

"Do you know whom I fucked?" he asked the locksmith while they were en route. "It was in that bloody machine of yours and I can tell you the slut's learned a lot since the day she left me. I fucked her sixteen times, I believe, some in the mouth, others in the cunt, the rest in the ass ..." Once he had deposited Vitnègre at his door ,the locksmith left him.

Several months later, Vitnègre ran into the same tradesman. "Would you like to take me back there?" he asked. "Impossible," the other rejoined; "they've all vanished." "Vanished? Ha, the bitch! had I only kept my hands on her, I'd be able to spend the rest of my life in her asshole and cunt!"

And thus that adventure ended.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Two Cunts Are Mutually Jealous

We were all seven still wonderstruck by Vitnègre's innumerable encunteries, enmoutheries and embuggeries when Trait-d'Amour, casting an eye upon the amiable hatmaker, naked like all the others, said to her: "Well, you've been depucelated, my pretty flower. 'Tis a very good thing—both you and I ought to be grateful and happy about it. I behold you now as pious believers gaze upon their Virgin Mary who, fucked by the Angel Gabriel, then by the Holy Ghost, whose whore she was, came away from these set-tos only the more virginal. You are now dedicated to Lord Linguet's prick; religiously guard your cuntlet from all stray tupperings, preserve it for him, you may not give yourself save with his permission. And now, my celestial creature, your pretty bush is going to be clipped—soaped and shaved clean."

Tendrelys objected, citing her mother's reaction to this haircut; that mother, she averred inspected her cunt regularly every night to determine whether anyone had impaired her mint condition, for she had already been sold and was soon to be delivered to someone who fancied new goods only.

"What the devil do I care for your mother, buggeress?" Trait-d'Amour demanded seeing me deploying the Fronsac and winding it's spring; "we'll tell her the whole story." And he thrust her upon the Fronsac which went instantly to work. He soaped her and prepared his razor.

At this point arrived Mademoiselle Conquette Ingénue who had just finished rinsing her ass in wellwater so as to shrink it back to its normal

dimensions. "What's this? Mademoiselle's cunt is to be shaven also?" —there was a shade of irritation in her tone.

"Oh, my dear, don't let them do it, for Mamma won't understand what's happened to me," Tendrelys implored, kissing one of Conquette's hands which she had contrived to grasp.

"No, Mademoiselle, I'll not oppose their action; once shaved, your cunt will all the better announce to your mother the fact that you have been deflowered by my unfaithful father. We shall also see, after that charming toupée has been removed, whether your gem is superior to mine, weary and sore as it is at present."

"Ah, my adorable friend, there's no need for a trial, nothing exists to equal you."

"Very well, Sir, shave away; I believe that, when 'tis done, my fickle lover who depucelated this attractive gem, will have the kindness to allow you a moment's lodging therein."

Trait-d'Amour, all the while he was shearing off the golden fleece, explained to Conquette that all the pucelages were mine by agreement and that, in conscience, I was under an obligation to take them, for if I did not there was a risk neophytes would be injured by my colleagues' more sizable tools. Conquette did not know what to answer to that, but she maintained her air of arch disdain. I approached her and, as she was naked, kissed her breasts and deposited my prick in her hands. "You'd prefer to have Tendrelys hold it," she pouted.

"No," I protested, "I deny that; no one gives me an erection the way you do; but after you comes Tendrelys. Her bush's being clipped; it must be done if we are properly to compare your heavenly cunts—and yours is heavenly despite its severe usage this evening. First, both will be tongued; then I'll see to which my sultan-prick grants the

apple; the better re-empucelated of the two will have it."

Mademoiselle Conquette smiled the little smile of a pretty woman beside herself with delight because certain of triumph; she said not a word. The cunt-shaving finished, Tendrelys' pretty trick was washed with rose-water; Mademoiselle Linguet proposed that they both rinse their assholes again; then the comparison was made. They were impartially scrutinized and judged the one as splendid as the other; which decision indeed awarded the prize to the lovely Conquette's so frequently fucked cunt. That was the general opinion.

Rose-Mauve and Minonne stepped forward to be compared, but their cunts were far from possessing that virginal aspect which characterized those of Tendrelys and of my daughter. "Your cunts are eminently agreeable to see." Trait-d'Amour declared to them, "and a hundred times better than whores' garbage pails, but I feel they do not belong to the same class as these two extraordinary articles we have just examined." Conquette preened herself; but she was generous by nature and soon found the tactful thing to say. "Since our cunts are of equal beauty," she observed, kissing Tendrelys' lips and petting her cunt in a friendly manner, "depucelate her and have your lieutenant refuck me, if he has strength enough left." She had not got the last syllable out of her mouth when she was encunted. "Fuck her for me!" she cried to me, "fuck the wench . . ." I ran my machine into the little nymph. But, ready now to discharge, Conquette Ingénue was plunging into an erotic fury, and after witnessing her I understood how it is that Sade's heroes, when about to ejaculate, become cruel. The encunted girl cried: "All of you, all, do you hear? fuck that damned Tendrelys, fuck that bloody little whore! Brisemotte, get into her at once, stuff her so that her anus and cunt are but

one hole!" She discharged and, somewhat calmed, she asked Tendrelys' forgiveness. "Excuse it, my little sister, fuck rose to my head and made me cruel. No, leave her cunt as it is—trim, tidy, sweet, a maid's—; let my fucking Papa have it thus to himself. 'Tis surely enough that mine be martyrized. Come, come, Trait-d'Amour, push, my boy, fuck me, don't spare me, I beg no quarter," she said to her rider. She began to buck and rear and prance more energentically than ever and this exhibition of enthusiasm and fire persuaded Rose-Mauve and Connette to lend themselves to some cunt-fucker; Minonne still felt a little lame in her sensitive parts and so that obliging sister of Trait-d'Amour approached me and tickled my balls with such deftness that I ejaculated.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

How Minonne and Connette Originally Lost Their Maidenheads

This business despatched, a period of rest ensued; we had dined lightly and now had a collation: we ate strawberries steeped in Muscatel wine and buns, then we drank the excellent coffee Trait-d'Amour brewed for us, and we sipped Benedictine afterwards. Then we chatted together.

"You've dipped your tool in these two pretty lasses, Minonne and Connette, and in Rose-Mauve too, and you've just depucelated Tendrelys before our eyes; tell us the story of your first experience and tell us how you persuaded your first women." "Yes, tell us, tell us!" exclaimed Tendrelys, Rose-Mauve and everyone else. "I'll very willingly tell the story, but upon condition someone go and bring Madame Brideconin down here so that she too can hear; we'll begin to initiate her in that way." My three blades, who envisioned her as one further morsel, were delighted with the suggestion. They took her away from her husband (who was at that moment holding her by the dugs) without even deigning to explain themselves and, two of them joining their hands under her naked ass and the third steadying her from behind, they bore her down the stairs, her skirts up around her waist, her bubs spilling gaily from her bodice. She was deposited upon Fronsac's wondrous machine and, had I not interfered and curbed their exuberance, they'd have told her a story rather than listened to mine. When peace was finally restored, I began.

"I entered as a pensionnaire in the home of

Trait-d'Amour's stepmother, a laundress in the rue d'Abbon, while my wife ran about the provincial countryside with a gallant fellow, the same who used so passionately to fuck her that he'd strip to his underwear the better to palpate and encunt her. Trait-d'Amour brought me my noonday meal every week-day, but on Sundays and holidays I went to dine at the house of the good Madame Wallon. One day when we were going there together, Trait-d'Amour asked me if I would not teach his little sister how to write. I agreed at once. The lessons started. While instructing her, my eyes often strayed to her budding white breasts, breasts white as a lily."

"One moment," Madame Brideconin interrupted, "get my husband to come down here. I'd like him to hear the story too."

Trait-d'Amour, receiving a nod from me, set off to fetch him immediately; I signaled to Brisemotte and Cordaboyau: the first laid hands on the landlady's bush, the second on her bubs. She was thus shining happily between those two males when her husband appeared. Brideconin was flabbergasted at first, then, waking from his stupor, he made a bee-line for Rose-Mauve's cunt and Connette's teats. Trait-d'Amour handled his sister's bubs; as for myself, I had Conquette sit on Tendrelys' lap between my legs, from time to time letting my hand fall upon my daughter's chest or her pretty rival's; thus situated, I resumed my narrative.

"I took Trait-d'Amour aside. 'Look here,' said I, 'I must stop teaching the little one; she gives me a fierce erection and I'll surely stuff her the first chance I get,' 'Oh, my good sir, 'twould be very fine indeed for all concerned were you to depucelate her . . . The poor orphan has little enough pleasure as it is . . .' (Their mother was dead; their father, remarried to a close friend of his deceased wife, whom he had chosen in deference to his dying wife's urgent request, had himself, as he died, left as a step-

mother to the two orphans this good friend of their tender and loving mother.) I replied, saying the thing would involve difficulties, for the child would doubtless talk. 'No, I guarantee she won't. Minonne has already conceived desires for you. She's already told me she like it when you touch the thing under her skirts . . .' This speech emboldened me. One Sunday when Minonne and I were alone together having a lesson, I could not resist an impulse to kiss her very pretty mouth, then a bub, and from there my hand descended rapidly to her hairless cuntlet; I sustained a terrible erection; my prick was all but bursting from my breeches, so I freed it, allowing it to protrude through my fly which I unbuttoned: it sprang nobly out.

" 'What have you there?" asked the child.

" 'A prick, my dear.'

" 'What's it for?"

" 'To put in cunts.'

" 'But I have a cunt my brother says, and he says my stepmother has a bucket-cunt. Since he's been grown up and since he's got what he calls fuck, he puts his thing in my stepmother's bucket-cunt, and that makes her shout and wail and laugh and cry. He wanted to put it in me, but my cunt's too little or his thing's too big, he never managed to do it. My stepmother saw him trying to do it and scolded him. "Go fuck yourself," that's what he said to her, and then he changed his mind. "No," he said, "come here, I'll encunt you, you old rascal, for I can't do without it, I'm so hot." And he laid her on the bed and pulled up her skirts and he fucked her, as he calls it. Oh, how she giggled, how she swore! and how pleased she was with what he did to her! And he said to me, "You see how much fun it is, Minonne, you see how crazy the old bitch is to suck the sugar-cane! Come on, show me your little cuntlet, so I can discharge for you."

"Minonne's little speech put the finishing touches to my erection, which had reached outland-

ish proportions; I asked the child whether there were any butter avilable in the house. She fetched me some; I was on the point of greasing her when her stepmother, as good a woman as you could possibly find, returned, having gone out forgetting her fan. She spied my embarrassment, the tumult I was in, and saw the child's flushed cheeks. 'I wager you were about to torment her,' she said; 'you ought not; she's not yet ripe for that ... come along with me ...' The old girl dragged me off by the wrist; we got to her bed, up went her skirts and petticoats in a flash, she pulled me down upon her and engulfed me despite my resistance. To save her stepchild's maidenhead, she kept me busy for a solid hour; during it, however, I discharged only once to the old biddy's ten—I noticed she found me to her taste. When this battle was over, she left the house without bothering to wash: 'I walk better with a little oil on the hinges.'

"As soon as she had gone, I went straight to Minonne, who'd witnessed everything through the partly opened door. I cleared her skirts away, buttered her cuntlet and my prick shot rigidly up immediately. As we started off, I told the little one to arch her back so that her little hole would be within fair and easy reach of the prick that would soon pierce it. She took infinite pains to do her best, which was not at all bad thanks to the way she wiggled her pretty ass and I on my part managed well too because of the disgust I had experienced in futtering the old woman's grey-haired tunnel. I took Minonne from behind and worked my way to the bottom of her, for I felt her dear little matrix nipping and squeezing my inflamed gland. Following my orders, the child agitated her body, but did not discharge ... Her brother's intrusion occurred just as I thought I was going to erupt. Trait-d'Amour surveyed us, transported with joy.

" 'Ha!' said he, 'so you're depucelating her, eh! Splendid! She's getting the best possible initiation.

Does she discharge? Are you enjoying yourself, Minonne?'

" 'No,' I replied, 'no discharges thus far; the poor sweetheart's been suffering, though courageously ... Do you see the way her ass writhes? That's rare and augurs well.' Touched, Trait-d'Amour slipped his hand down his little sister's belly and began to tickle the tiny clitoris lurking in her unfledged crack; the child's eyes became glassy, her body tensed, and turning her sweet mouth towards mine, she put her tongue between my lips, did indeed discharge, this being for the first time, and moaned with delight. I discharged too; never had I sensed such pleasure.

"Once I'd decunted, her brother asked me if I were a jealous lover. 'Yes,' said I, 'jealous of every rival but yourself.' 'Well then, your fuck will serve as pommade to help me ease into her pretty cuntlet.' However, Minonne was less willing to be stuffed by her brother and undertook to repel his assaults; but Trait-d'Amour was soon master of the situation: he flung his sister upon the bed and was a moment later within the portal, making a difficult entry, for his prick, even in those days, was not by any means puny; his sister was all alarmed.

" 'Wiggle your ass and discharge,' he recommended, thrusting vigorously; ' 'tis lovingly you are being encunted, my sweet little orphan sister.' She discharged no less than three times over and then could do no more. Trait-d'Amour helped me clean my instrument and I went back into the fray. I had even more pleasure this time, because the youngster had by now got somewhat accustomed to the game, and because with his bulky prick her brother had cleared the way free.

"From that day onward, Trait-d'Amour and I fucked Minonne every Sunday and Holiday. The stepmother was aware of what I was up to, but did not interfere. And then Trait-d'Amour one day asked me whether I would also mind giving some

instruction in writing to Connette, presently his mistress and the girl he was later to marry, since Tendrelys' mother, always fearing lest she be depucelated, had ruined all his hopes of getting at her daughter. 'Certainly,' was my reply. I went therewith to pay court to Connette. Two months went by. Then, that young lady being one day standing at the window and leaning out of it, I caught a glimpse of some first-rate legs. Minonne, at the time practicing her penmanship, looked up from her work and noticed me staring avidly at Connette's behind; I grasped Minonne's bublets and requested her to take hold of my balls. She rose from her chair, approached Connette and said to her in a subdued voice: 'Don't object to anything we do to you; she raised her skirts, led me to her, buttered her cunt for me and oiled my prick too. 'Arch your back,' she said to Connette, 'be a good girl.' And to me: 'Run it square and true, you should find the way without any trouble.' Connette arched her back, obeyed her friend's every command, so that, although she was exceedingly tight, I penetrated admirably. In came Trait-d'Amour, always on time; he drew us to the bed, lay down on his belly, had his mistress lie with her back upon his, then bade me encunt her, asking his sister to guide my prick: with each thrust I made, he replied with a heave of his ass: these shocks imparted to his mistress' ass wedged me an inch further in every time. Connette's sufferings were perfectly dreadful. But when at last I struck rock-bottom thanks to a final heave of Trait-d'Amour's flanks, Connette winked, smiled blissfully and soon emitted with ineffable joy.

"I supposed Trait-d'Amour would hurl himself upon her and encunt her while she was hot. But no; 'We are engaged,' he explained; 'were she to have a child by you, it would ennoble my family,' and he fucked his siter while I refucked his mistress. And thus it is that since then I have shared my most precious belonings with him."

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

Final Fuckeries

"He merits your trust," all the company agreed. "Indeed he does," said Brideconin who was at the moment employing both hands to do an homage to Rose-Mauve's cunt whilst Brisemotte and Cordaboyau were one of them handling his wife's cunt, the other her dugs. My story had made all those gay blades stiffen like honest Republicans, even though we were nearing the close of a trying day. The ladies, even those Vitnègre had encunted, were positively in rut. "How clever you were, and how delightful your instruction has made them turn out to be," said Conquette, darting her tongue into my mouth. "Oh, indeed yes!" Tendrelys concurred, kissing me in like manner.

Meanwhile, Madame Brideconin was being pulled in opposite directions by her two young suitors, each of whom had absolutely to stuff her without an instant's delay. "I've only accomodations for one, dear boys," she explained in all modesty; "had I room for two, believe me, I'd keep neither one of you waiting outside in the cold. One first," said the land lady, "then the other." However, a happy expedient was discovered: Cordaboyau ploughed into her cunt, Brisemotte into her asshole. "They're doublefucking my wife!" cried Brideconin, "but what do I care! I've got a tidy little cunt around my prick." Trait-d'Amour, furiously ribald, laid hands on Conquette; I thought he was preparing to encunt her; I was mistaken. He lay upon his back and drew her down over his rigid prick; Minonne and Connette held her under the arms. She slowly lowered herself upon that verita-

ble spear which Tendrelys' hand held steady in the exact position: thus Conquette managed her own embuggerment; the weight of her lovely body made it a profound introduction. When his massy device was buried to the hilt in her fundament, Trait-d'Amour called to me: "Ah, sire! the world's most beautiful cunt beckons to you." I headed directly for my daughter's gem, the helpful Tendrelys guiding my prick.

Madame Brideconin, a whore if ever there was one, since at this point she was having both her holes battered, made three signs of the cross; she was asked what the trouble was. "I'm being fucked in front of my husband, but I'm on some queer contraption which prevents me from protecting myself. My husband, seeing me cuckold him, cornutes me . . . all very well. But our master is fucking . . is encunting his embuggered daughter;" "His daughter?" "Yes, his very own," Rose-Mauve stammered, discharging under Brideconin, "and what does that matter!" "Ha!" chorused the four fuckers and the four fuckeresses, "that gives us an appetite for the prick . . . and for the cunt," and they swore to fuck till they could fuck no more.

Ten encunters and the encuntees, the embuggerers and the embuggerees struggled and scrapped the one more vigorously than the other, underneath and above, in and out, to and fro, like so many devils and she-devils at a sabbath. Tendrelys tickled both my nuggets and Trait-d'Amour's, Minonne excited Brisemotte's and Cordaboyau's, Connette concentrated all her attention upon Brideconin's while poking her index finger in Rose-Mauve's anus. The fucker to whom these refinements were novelties, exclaimed: "Ye gods, but you folks fuck wonderfully well, compared to this everything else I've seen is mere messing about," and he discharged like a siege-gun. "Oh, you're very right, my friend," said his wife as she discharged also; "I've never

been given the working over I'm getting from these two dear boys each of whose pricks is planting a horn, one in my asshole and the other in my cunt." Remarking that I managed more satisfactorily when Tendrelys fingered my privities, "Dear little companion," she said, "my hand will do the same for your encunter when you get your hole plugged ... And you, Madame Brideconin, are you-being suitably fucked?" This agreeable word *fucked* had so much grace when Conquette's pretty lips pronounced it, that I would undoubtedly have pitched into her cunt anew had not Trait-d'Amour, retiring from her ass and going off to wash, besought me in great earnestness to allow him to encunt her.

But my emotions were too great to permit me to remain an idle bystander; I ordered Tendrelys to bring her cunt to the fore. Minonne and Connette toppled her upon her back and spread wide her thighs. Before being encunted by her indefatiguable fucker, my daughter was fain to insert my prick in Tendrelys' tidy crack. "Move your ass, my beloved," she said to the dear girl, kissing her on the mouth, "and be sure to give Papa all the pleasure you can," and as she had noticed what a splendid impression the word *fucked* had produced upon me, the while seconding the extremely active Trait-d'Amour's efforts, she shouted a resounding: "FUCK, Fuck, by bleeding Jesus, oh blessed prick FUCK my bloody cunt ... Oh Father, stab her, bury it in Tendrelys, tear her to pieces, dear Father, oh I'm discharging! dis-char-ging!"..."

"How that modest lady does fuck!" murmured Brideconin.

That's how the seance concluded.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

Farewell Supper.
Madame Vitnègre Recites a Prayer

We supped; bubs were no longer dangling, gleaming, swinging pendant in full view, the conversation was decent.

"They say Monsieur," Minonne began, addressing me, "they say you've had at least eight pretty wives, and they mention their names."

"Ah," Conquette interrupted, "don't get him started telling more of those stories; the day's sport is over and we ought now to behave properly, like ordinary people do."

"You'll have to save it then," Trait-d'Amour put in, "for some interlude in our future games."

As were were all preparing to disband and as there was no further danger of a libidinous tollypolly, I was asked to recommend to the company that our six cunts and twelve bubs be brought into sight and kissed indiscriminately in token of our separation for the week; I thought this a good proposal. Immediately, Conquette, Tendrelys, Rose-Mauve, Minonne, Connette and Madame Brideconin relieved themselves of their kerchiefs, bared their bottoms, betook themselves to the fucking furniture; their cunts were prodigiously licked; the five gentlemen present sucked their nipples; the ladies grasped, uncapped and kissed the five pricks; mine however, was mouthed out of kindness: "Farewell for a week, adorable prick" was the valediction it received six times over.

We were about to leave when Vitnègre's lovely wife was seen to sink to her knees, her bubs flying.

She raised her eyes heavenward and spoke:

"Holy and pretty Virgin Mary, whom the angel frigged, cunttongued and tit-fondled in the bed that was Joseph's the cornute dupe of much blessed frolicking, from which fuckery resulted the gentle Jesus, that Good Fucker who stuffed the beauteous and public whore Magdalene, Marquess of Bethany, of whom the vagabond Jesus was, furthermore, the keeper and sometimes the pimp, who, to the infinite chagrin of the blessed Slut also embuggered His fairy companion, Saint John; blessed and pretty Mary, virgin as am I, we thank you for this happy day of fuckery; by the merits of your Son and in His name, grant us another like it next Sunday. And you, holy Magdalene, who was fucked by the grave prayer-speaking Jesus and by John the Embuggered as well, grant me my prayer, which is that I be enabled to fuck as often as you did, cuntwise or asswards, fifteen, yea, twenty times an hour, and all that without being wearied therefrom or sate. You fucked with the Pharisees, with Herod, and even with Pilate so as to have the wherewithal to feed that hungry rake Jesus, your lounge-lizard and the shiftless wastrels who collaborated with him on His enterprises, O beseech your pimp Jesus—who, being God, has doubtless much power—to grant that I someday have between the hairs of my cunt that rich swaggerer whom I once saw get out of his carriage with an erection begot by the sight of me as I was returning home from the house of my friend, Madame Congrelé; for, with the money I earn with my cunt, my ass, my bubs and my tongue and lips, I shall be able to relieve my worthy father in his old age; not only would I fuck with him and give him pleasure thereby, but I would sell myself as did the pious daughter of Eresichthon the fanatic, or the devout Ocyrhoë, daughter of the centaur Chiron, who both became mares, that is to say, the steeds of male riders, and whores. Model of a man, most excellent

pimp, gentle Jesus, passionate fucker, complaisant street companion of the burning, the oftfucking and exemplary whore Magdalene, who was so in love with Your divine prick and Your blessed balls, by Your omnipotence preserve my cunt's narrowness and satin quality, keep my bubs firm and round, allow not to desert me the fairness of my skin, my ass, my buttocks, my arms, my hands, my cunt, my shoulders; maintain forever the rigid stiffness of my lovers' pricks and above all my father's; maintain their balls full always of fuck, for You know the art and have the skill to do so, having inherited them from the blessed King David, beloved of the Lord and His favorite because that sovereign was the Number One Fucker of his age. O Jesus, grant that my high heels, which lend me such grace when I walk and cause so many men's pricks to harden, grant that they never give me blisters or put corns on my toes, but that these tempting and fuck-inspiring feet remain as now they are for many a long year."

"Amen!" murmured the entire assembly, pricks straining and cunts moist with emotion.

Everyone left edified by my daughter's extraordinary piety; as they filed thoughtfully out, they said: "That's indeed what one may justly call having religion . . . the true religion of Nature; and that's the proper way to address the Divinity: one ought always ask Him for reasonable things . . . Oh, indeed, she's an unusual girl!" etc., etc.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

My Daughter's Cunt For Sale;
Initial Negotiations

Two days later, when I went to see Conquette (I had stayed away from her on Monday), I found her although fully dressed, blinking sleepily which what for her large eyes and long lashes, made her appear especially charming; she was wearing a pair of new silk slippers she had put on for the first time, the sight of which would warm the blood of any man.

I sank to my knees before her. "Conquette," I said to her, "no living mortal has prettier feet—they are a shade large, and these slippers' pointed toes and very high heels make them look half their actual size. How divine they are! ... my prick is mightily hard, as you observe ..."

"Dearest Papa, knowing how much you adore me, I wanted to consecrate these shoes before presenting them to you as ornaments to go on your mantlepiece. Here are the white ones I had on the other day, in which I was so often ... so much and so well ... you know what."

"What, my dear? Say it."

"Fucked, Papa, FUCKED!"

"Quite. Excellent. And those shoes?"

"Do you see the pretty shape my feet have given them? they are far more voluptuous now that they have been worn."

Avidly, I inhaled the scent that the interior of those slippers distilled. "Oh, but my prick is a veritable pillar!" I cried; "your blessed buggering shoes have an odor of paradise! I'm lost ... I'm damned ... I'll have the worst aches and pains in

my balls if I don't shove it into your cunt one little time; are you going to let this paternal prick eject its seed upon the floor? No, I hope not—"

"Put your ass and your balls in this big flat bowl like a good loving papa. I had the water fetched up, it is nice and cool and will relax the poor darling prick of yours—that's what I do when my cunt is afire."

This all seemed like good common sense and I followed her recommendation. She hid her feet from my sight—that too was prudent of her. I felt much calmer.

"I had to cool myself a short while ago. Trait-d'Amour paid me a call; I was still in bed when he arrived; he laid hands on my cunt and my bubbies. Just to see his prick standing up on its hind legs made an impression upon me, but in my heart, do you know, I felt nothing. He said he wanted to cunt-tongue me and to have me frig him afterwards; I'm not a whore you know—"

"You are chilly, it seems to me—"

"That's because I have ceased to love ... in a sense. You are my lover, dear Father, and your lieutenant Trait-d'Amour also has definite rights to my cunt: he's your prick's double, its alter ego, and when it buries itself in me it's you all the time who is fucking me. Anyhow, I felt a little sorry about my harshness with him; so I took his prick in my hand and he put it in my mouth, the foreskin pulled all the way back; I made him discharge and swallowed his fuck, which tasted marvelous, I must admit, after my morning chocolate. It was like a heavenly mouthwash. But, as I was saying, if you would like to give your cherished daughter an unspeakable pleasure, kiss her, put your tongue in her mouth and she'll put hers in yours; she'll tickle your balls and squeeze your prick in her fist and she'll discharge like a goddess."

"Oh, you are too wonderful for words! —an end

to them, let's fuck like intelligent human beings. Just a little bit."

"My cunt was cool a moment ago, but now you've gone and set it afire again —only fuck will extinguish the blaze, I'm afraid. Therefore, dearest Papa, let's fuck away! encunt your devoted daughter! but proceed softly so that I discharge several times; and I've something to tell you while we fuck—"

She leapt upon me, thrust my member into her cunt, advanced it gradually, by almost imperceptible little nudges of her ass. The water's coolness had checked my impetuousness and retarded my ejaculation now. Her movements grew more energetic and she began to moan, crying at last: "I'm coming, oh sweet Jesus, I'm melting!" Then she lay still for a minute or two. "I forgot to give you the address of that man we saw in the street the other day. He handed me a slip of paper, on it was written a request that I come and see him for a—a —a fuck, oh FUCK! drive it in, drive it, Father, drive it all the way in, I'm discharging all over again . . . I'm coming . . . ah, heavenly Faher!" and she leapt and danced and twittered and chirruped as never did fuckeress before her leap, dance, twitter and chirrup. After a copious discharge, she resumed what she had been saying: "Yes, that man in the street, his message. It's here, on the bedside table; tell him, or write him, that I never go abroad, and enclose our address."

"Aye, it shall be done, O Fututrix!" I replied. Madame Brideconin brought us cups of chocolate and I left so as to attend to the business. I went straight to the lodgings of him who was so eager to be my daughter's lover and next fucker. I found him at home, transmitted a note Conquette Ingénue had written, in which she said that if he had any reply to make, he give it directly to her father. I was warmly received. The gentleman was well-to-do. He said he was searching for a mistress who

knew how to please in bed.

"My good Sir," I made him prompt answer, "your quest is at an end. My daughter has been married. She may be yours upon condition she keep her present residence, which neighbors mine. You shall eat there with her if you like and sleep there too —I shan't be bothered in the slightest by whatever you choose to do. As for voluptuousness and ability to move the ass and flanks, a libertine husband saw to it she had the most arduous and thorough novitiate in this vocation. But in surrendering her to you I wish to be certain her fate will be a happy one and that her practical circumstances will improve a little each year; if you will guarantee her welfare, I shall take upon my self full responsibility for her fidelity. She is prudent, sensible, wellbehaved; the certitude of a future independent of her monstrous husband is the *sine qua non* of her consent to your proposals."

The gentlemen found these conditions highly acceptable and the definitive decision was put off until after a business trip whence he expected to come back in a week or ten days. I returned to Conquette with this news.

"Papa," she said, "however much or little he fucks me, you will always be there, won't you, to take your daughter in your arms and perchance put your prick in her cunt? You and he shall be my two fathers; I'll even renounce your extraordinary former secretary if you promise to encunt no one but me. Where will you find a cunt better adapted to your requirements? Hold your fuck strictly in reserve for me, as you shall your heart, O most lecherous of fathers!" It was plain she was jealous; I encunted her straightway. But I was too much of a libertine to confine myself to the exclusive fuckery of the woman I loved most.

Madame Brideconin brought us some cool lemonade. She was lame, had been born that way, but she limped in a seductive manner. She had arranged

her hair in a new fashion. Though pockmarked, she was exceedingly provocative. I said so to my daughter.

"Even before our parties began," Conquette told me, "her husband was eager to stuff me, but I found him displeasing. Since last Sunday, his wife has approached me twice and asked to suck my cunt; they both adore me, but I havent't let them do anything serious, nothing but kiss my feet. He fucks her whenever I tell him to; I watch: it's a little passtime I indulge in while waiting for Sunday to come. All I need to do is sit down in front of Brideconin with my skirts raised ever so little: that's enough to get him started: he grows so excited when he sees my ankle and then my lower leg that he hops aboard the whore; he keeps it up as long as I like; I give a tug at my skirt and he sets in anew. If he catches a glimpse of thigh, it's pandemonium: he begins to roar with lust —one day, when the weather was especially warm, I decided to give my cunt some air and raised my skirts all the way. That fucker saw the view and brayed like a mule and nearly split the landlady in two. He exploded fuck all over the room, continued to rummage in her cunt and was like to kill himself with over-work when his wife glanced at me. She finished her discharge and came over and pulled my skirt back down. Brideconin was terribly weary and didn't feel at all well, as a matter of fact."

Conquette's little story stiffened me, but I thrust my prick in cool water again; when my desires had subsided, I dried my engine, buttoned my breeches, and left.

We restrained ourselves throughout the remainder of the week.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

The Fucking Club Reconvenes

Sunday arrived; with the exception of Rose-Mauve, who was indisposed, all the company assembled. Tendrelys came unescorted and of her own free will: Trait-d'Amour had called at her home and found her absent and that had annoyed him; but he was delighted, upon entering with his sister and mistress, to discover the young lady already there and in Conquette's arms and having her nipples sucked by the latter. Trait-d'Amour thanked Ingénue for her tenderness towards the girl by kissing her asshole and cunt. Cordaboyau and Brisemotte were the last to arrive. We sat down round the table as soon as Cordaboyau, after having run to look for Rose-Mauve returned to say that there had been some new developments since our last meeting; he handed me a note from the missing actress, and I passed it on to my daughter. Upon my suggestinn, Trait-d'Amour read it aloud; here is what it contained:

"My divine friend,

"Accept the homage I pay your angelic cunt and matchless feet. Yesterday—I am writing to you on Friday—, I put on the shoes you lent me in order to determine their effect upon the prick of a certain notary's clerk, my sister Rosalie's lover, who I have been eager to get away from her. I also wore her best hat which becomes me so well because of my dark brown eyes; I had your dress on —the white skirt with the pink background—; it seemed to me a good idea to borrow your pretty shape about the ass, and mine looked wonderfully well in your dress. Well, in the rue des Cinq-Diamants, I heard

some one say behind me: 'Yes, 'tis she, 'tis she, my own goddess, no doubt of it!' The speaker approaches me. 'Ah, my beauty, we're just a short step from where I live; why not come along with me now, since your father has already talked matters over with me?' He took me by the arm; I let him lead me on, thinking that surely, when he recognized me, he'd release me and ask my pardon, especially after having fucked me. No, not at all; he noticed no error, or acknowledged none; he conducted me to an apartment on the first floor where, to be sure, there was not a great deal of light to see by. He fell to his knees before me, or rather before you. 'Most lovely one,' he said, 'your eyes are a little different today —they seemed to me to be of another color when earlier we met—, but your brown hair is quite as lovely as ever; I confess that I always looked more closely at your feet than at your face —perhaps from shyness, perhaps not, for I am mad about your feet ... charming though your face is. I recognized you perfectly from behind —who could mistake your walk, your figure? Do you love me?' I believed I replied affirmatively ... 'Ah my happiness knows no bounds!" he exclaimed, beginning to kiss me. He sucked my tongue, stroked my bubs, sized hold of my bush; we fell upon an ample sofa, my skirts were lifted, before I knew it I was being fucked ... I pitched my ass furiously this way and that—I was anxious to please him, after all, and he did enjoy himself. 'Ah!' he said, 'you know what men like!' We concluded our frolicking, then he showed me where I could wash, had me pour water over his prick, wiped my ass and cunt and licked my cunt-hair and buttocks; next, he summoned his housemaid. 'Is dinner ready?' 'It shall be in fifteen minutes, Sir; will you take some wine first?' He ordered her to bring a bottle of Alicante. We chatted, we drank. 'Shall we go down now, my lovely one? We can settle it at once.' We applied to the notary next-door; six

thousand pounds a year —five hundred a month and a month in advance. What do you think of that? I signed on the spot. I went back up as well endowed as I'd gone down well fucked. We dined together, tete-à-tete. When the domestics had left us to ourselves, he bade me bare my bubs, then he got me drunk on champagne; he dipped his prick in some sparkling wine, I drank the glass down at once after having licked his prick dry. He found the gesture enchanting and decided to pop his prick into my mouth; he did, I sucked it. He found this better still. 'Ah,' he said between outbursts of pleasure, 'you are my goddess indeed, the whore Nature intended to be mine! I don't want to discharge into your mouth, for I simply haven't enough fuck propertly to annoint your precious cunt. Show it to me, do, and let me kiss it!' He kissed it —'Capital! Fare thee well till tomorrow,' and he called his carriage. His serving maid sponged my ass and cunt His carriage took me home.

"Tonight I am to install myself in his apartment; a suite of rooms has been set aside for me. I stayed in bed until late in the morning. And so, lovely Conquette, I owe my good fortune to you; I have your adorable cunt to thank for it, and above all your voluptuous footwear. While we were riding in his carriage, my generous fucker promised he would shortly have me bumfucked in his presence by a pretty jockey whom he has previously employed to embugger in two different circumstances. He admits to a violent predilection for the asshole from time to time. So he told me.

"Godspeed and godfuck thee well, O divine fuckeress!"

We were at a loss for what to say. Tendrelys embraced Conquette, saying: "Oh, if he only knew you better!" I was inclined to go and disabuse my self-deceived son-in-law; my daughter restrained me. "He loved no more than my shoes," she said, "and he was not unfaithful to them. He got what

he wanted." Tendrelys applauded this observation. "It's not for me to say, but I agree with you entirely."

END OF PART TWO